寿命を買い取って、
もらった。

一年に、つき、万円で。

I sold my life for ten thousand yen per year.

I sold my life
for
ten thousand yen
per year.

3
the third volume

JUMP COMICS+

三秋 縋 原作 × 漫画 田口囁一

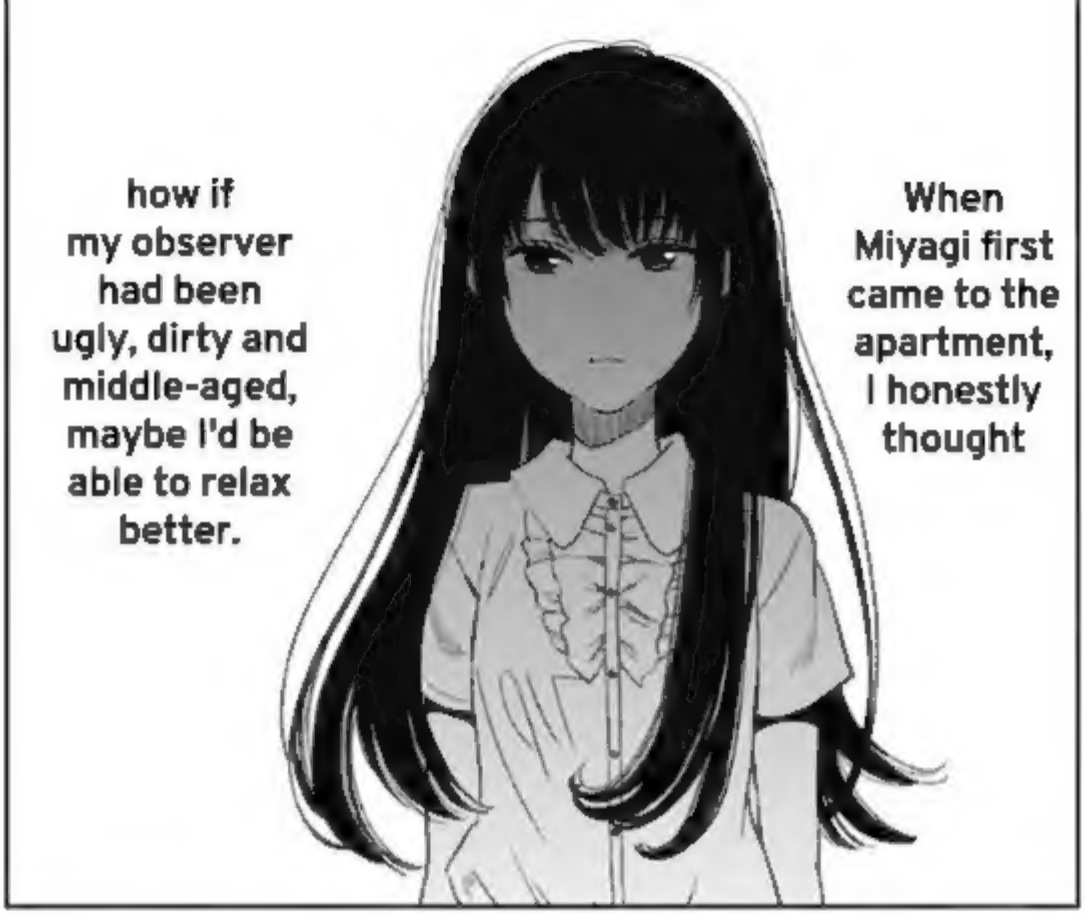
（メディアワークス文庫「三日間の幸福」）
キャラクターデザイン E9L・田口囁一

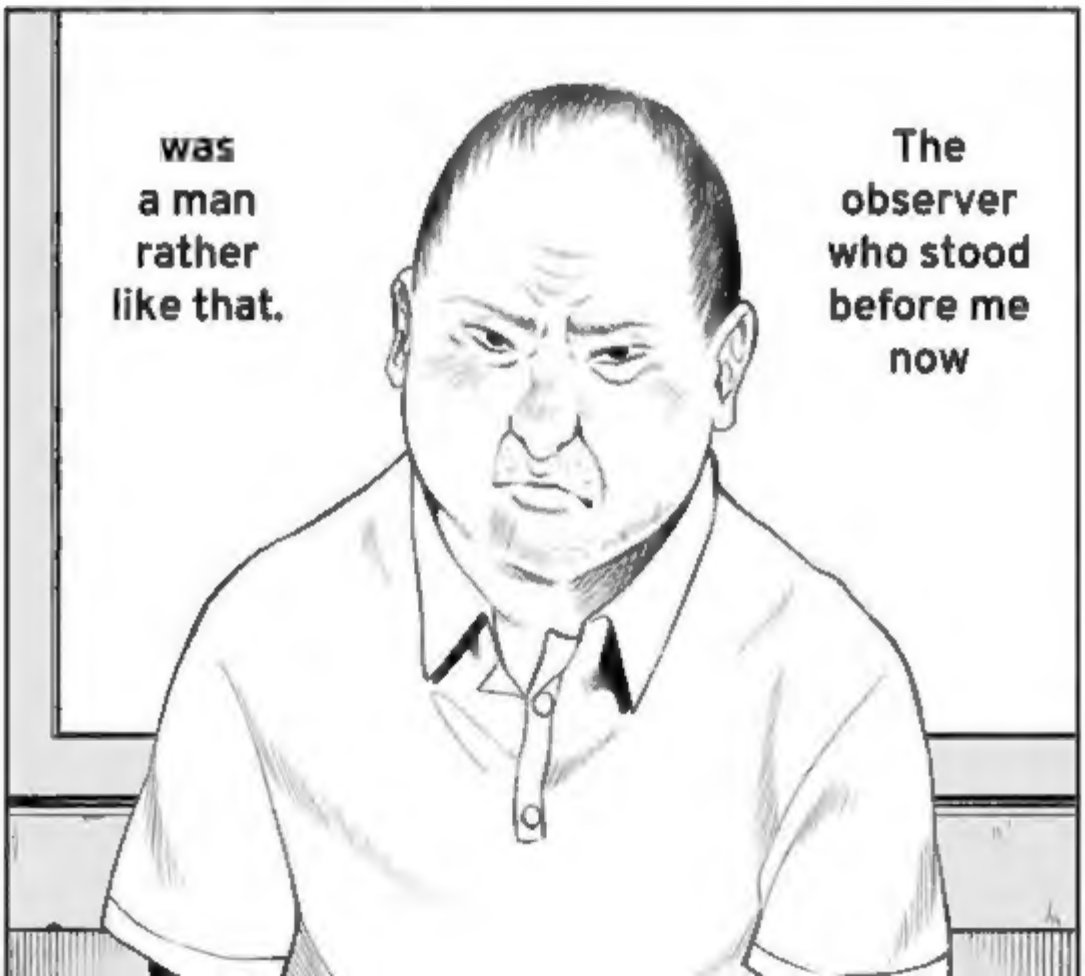
寿命を買い取ってもらった。一年につき、一万円で。

I Sold Off My Lifespan, For 10,000 Yen A Year.

Chapter 12

Original: Sugaru Miaki **Manga:** Shoichi Taguchi
("Three Days of Happiness" from Media Works Bunko)
Character Design: E9L / Shoichi Taguchi


When Miyagi first came to the apartment, I honestly thought
how if my observer had been ugly, dirty and middle-aged, maybe I'd be able to relax better.


The observer who stood before me now
was a man rather like that.

...Where's the usual girl?
I'm filling in today an' tom-orrow.
On break.
So her break'll be over in two days, and then back to normal?
Yep, that's the plan.

we still gotta lotta livin' to do.
'Cause unlike you,
'Course, gotta.
So even observers get days off.
Well, that's a relief.
Huh.
Well, yeah.
I think it's stupid too.
This is how you're spendin' the last of your life, huh?
Stupid as hell.
sigh...
So any-way...

By "that girl," you mean Miyagi?
tch
Who else?
You ain't causin' that girl any trouble, are ya?
...Hey, you.

But that's all.
I was the one who bought her time from her way back.
...Nah. Nothin' like that.
Let me guess, you're friendly with Miyagi?

Really, really pity her.
Poor girl.
What'd you think?

I've said things that've hurt her,
and came close to physically harming her...
Well, yeah...
I think I've troubled Miyagi.

...!!
and also,
I almost forced her to the ground.
a little past that,

You should find all the details there.
What's this?
Why you ...!!

Obser-
vation
log...?
It's the
observation
log Miyagi's
been
writing.
Don't want
the subject
himself
reading it,
I bet?

After
that,
the
man was
a lot less
aggressive.
...
Aha.

What'd
you use
your money
for?
Just
somethin'
I ask all the
subjects,
but...

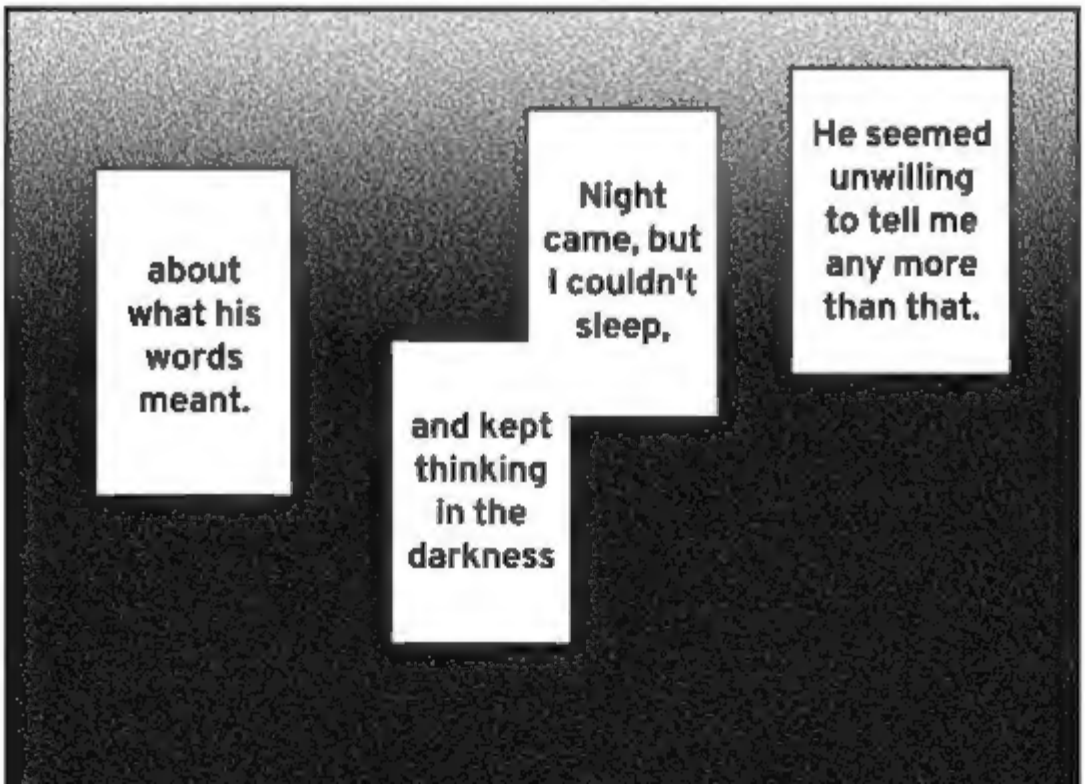
But Miyagi
must have
written
favorably
about me.
I didn't
know what
was in
there.

I scattered it to the wind on a bridge.
Looked pretty nice all fluttering about.
Flut-tering ...?
?
It didn't say in the observation log?
...Didn't read it in much detail.
Hoo ...
No hope for a moron like you.
Pfft ...
HAHA HAHA HAHA HA!
Funny, huh?
Agr-eed.
Could've done a lot more good with 300,000 yen.
Nope.
That's not even why I'm making fun of you.
Hey, you - don't tell me -
did you seriously believe it when they said your lifespan was worth 300,000 yen?

...What do you mean?
I mean... yeah, I thought that was pretty low at first.

Well, next time you see that girl, you ask her.
"Was my lifespan really worth 300,000 yen?"
Like that.

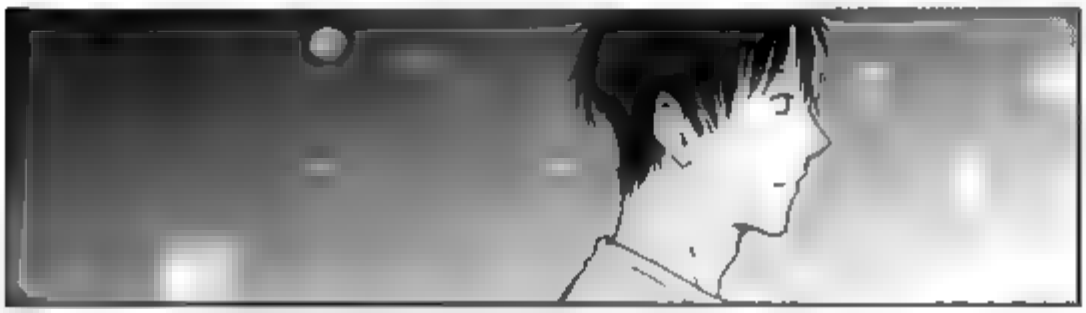
Hey, I don't want to say anything, but...
gaha-hahah!
Right, right.


He seemed unwilling to tell me any more than that.
Night came, but I couldn't sleep,
and kept thinking in the darkness
about what his words meant.

Good morning, Mr. Kusu-noki.
How do you plan to spend today?
...
The usual way.
Vending machine touring, then.

Where are we headed?

So then,
we're headed somewhere where one can see a beautiful sight?
Who knows.
What would you do if I deceived you
and took you somewhere outrageous?



May I interpret this as thanks for the night at the lake?
You're free to interpret it however you want.
Understood
I will interpret it freely.
Very much so.
Don't need to narrate to me.

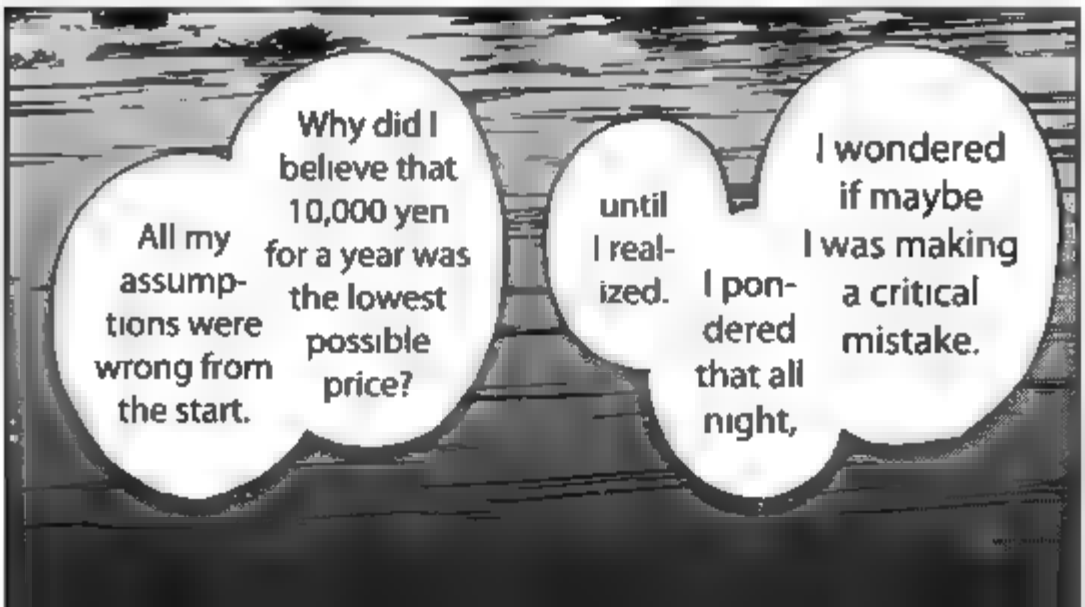
Miyagi.
Yes?
What is it?

Why'd you lie?

Let me make it a little simpler, then.
...Was my life-span really worth 300,000 yen?
I'm not entirely sure what you're talking about.
I would've thought you'd accepted this some time ago.
I'm sorry to say, but your worth simply isn't very much.
Of course it is.
Did my substitute say something to you?
...
Until last night.
Well, I did.

...When I heard you'd lied to me,
at first I simply thought
you took a cut of the money I was meant to get for yourself.

...But,
I just couldn't believe that.
I didn't want to think that was it.
That you'd been fooling me
all the way from the time we met.


I wondered if maybe I was making a critical mistake.
I pondered that all night,
until I realized.
Why did I believe that 10,000 yen for a year was the lowest possible price?
All my assumptions were wrong from the start.

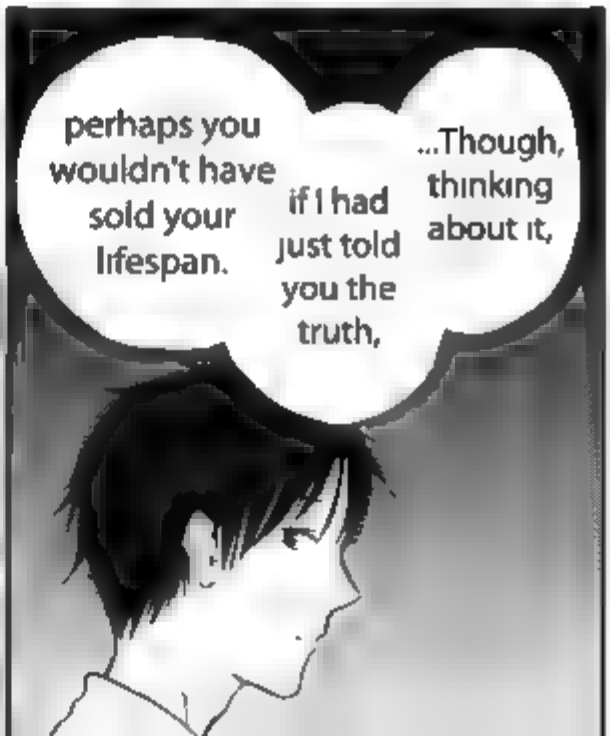
Why was it that you decided
to give away 300,000 yen to someone you'd never [illegible] before?
...So.
You can feign ignorance, that works.
I don't have the faintest idea what you're saying.
But I just want to say...
Thank you
It's all right.

...
So really, how much am I worth?
...
A three-minute phone call.
...30 yen.
I do wish you would have used it more for yourself.
In-deed.
For using your 300,000 the yen way I did.
Sorry.

Yet, I certainly understand how you feel, Mr. Kusunoki.
Perhaps the reason I gave you that 300,000 yen
and the reason you scattered it to the wind
are the same, at their core.

Lonely,
and hollow,
sad,
I found myself turning to a desperate act of altruism.

Then, at least, you would be able to live a longer life.
I apologize for my meddlesome deeds.


...Though, thinking about it, if I had just told you the truth, perhaps you wouldn't have sold your lifespan.

There was never any reason why you should turn to despair.
Thirty yen is merely an arbitrary value decided by some higher-ups.
If you told me "You're worth 30 yen" from the start,
That's not true.
I bet I'd really despair and sell off everything, even the three months.

you are a person who *is* worth 30 million or 3 billion yen.
At least to me, Mr. Kusunoki,

I know that you're a nice girl already.
So you can really stop.
If you're too kind to me, I'll just get miserable.
It's true!
Stop it, that's such a weird consolation

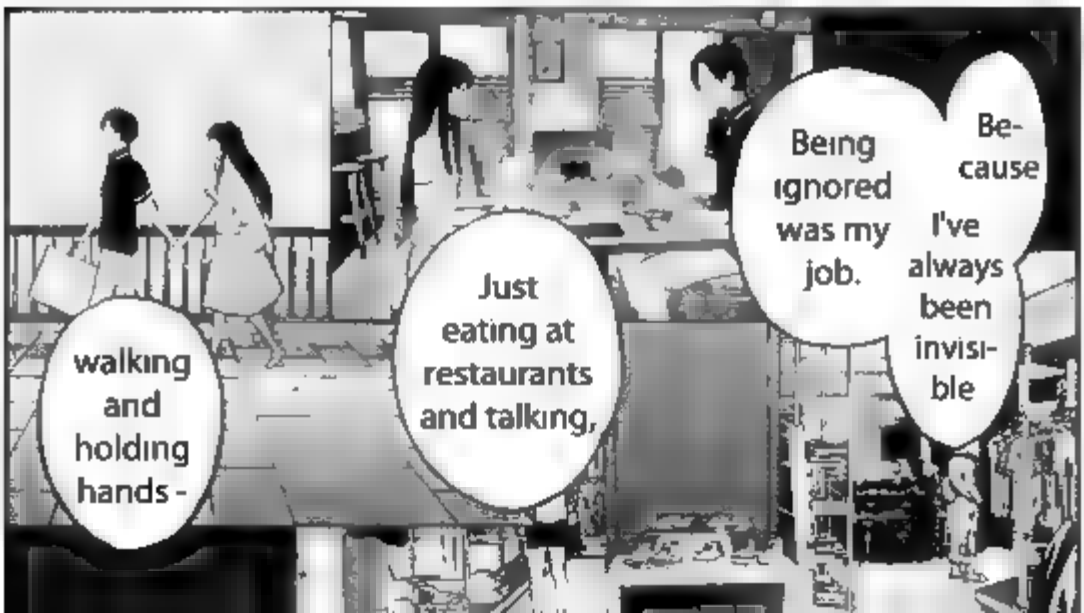
...Never been told anything like that before
Just be quiet and let me compliment you.
You're quite annoying

I'm just telling you what I've been wanting to say.
I do not care what you think of it.
Besides, this isn't consolation or kindness.

However, after that day at the station, you took my story to heart, didn't you?
Indeed, toward the start, I thought you were someone who deserved only thirty yen.
By no means did it have to be you who I gave my 300,000 yen to, Mr. Kusunoki.

I know it must be trifling to you, but...
And also, er...
Mr. Kusunoki, you were no longer just my subject for observation.
Once you sympathized with my situation
Starting then,

and that you would do it not caring if you were in public,
made me very happy.
Worryingly enough,
the fact that you would talk to me...

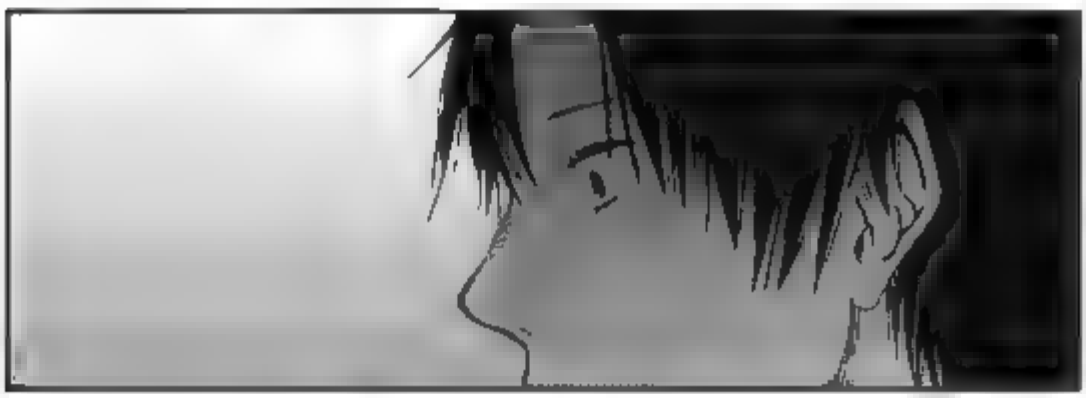

walking and holding hands -
Just eating at restaurants and talking,
Being ignored was my job.
Because I've always been invisible

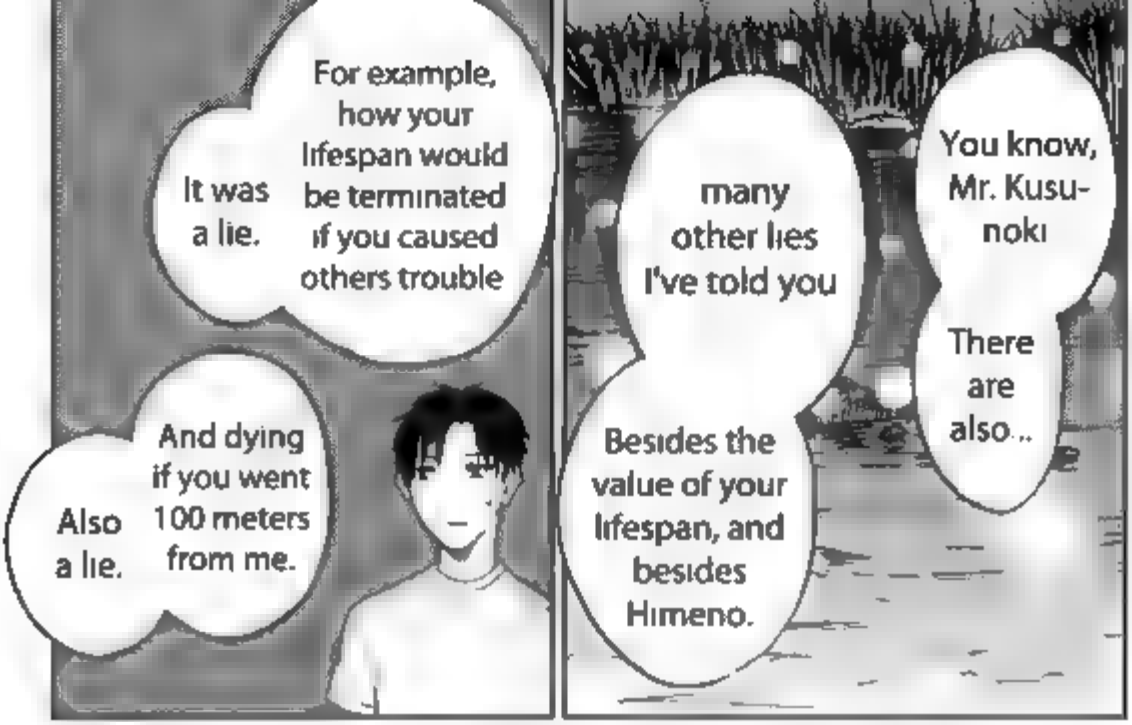
You were the first person to always treat me like I was "there,"
no matter the time or the situation.
Even little things like that
felt like a dream come true.

I could keep doing that.
then until I die,
...If you like it that much,

Since...
I really do love you.
I would love that.

Though it's no use loving someone who's soon to go away.




For example, how your lifespan would be terminated if you caused others trouble
It was a lie.
And dying if you went 100 meters from me.
Also a lie.
You know, Mr. Kusunoki
There are also..
many other lies I've told you
Besides the value of your lifespan, and besides Himeno.

If you are offended,
you may do anything you wish to me
They were all no more than ways to protect myself.
Nothing but lies.

Then,
gladly.
Yes,
as terrible as you may desire.
Anything?

...
That was quite terrible

So I decided.

I would pay Miyagi's debt in full, no matter what it took.

Even if I had less than two months left,

It was then

that I finally found an objective

for my meaningless last months.

寿命を買い取ってもらった。二年につき、一万円で。

I Sold Off My Lifespan, For 10,000 Yen A Year.

Chapter 13

Original: Sugaru Miaki Manga: Shoichi Taguchi
("Three Days of Happiness" from Media Works Bunko)
Character Design: E9L / Shoichi Taguchi

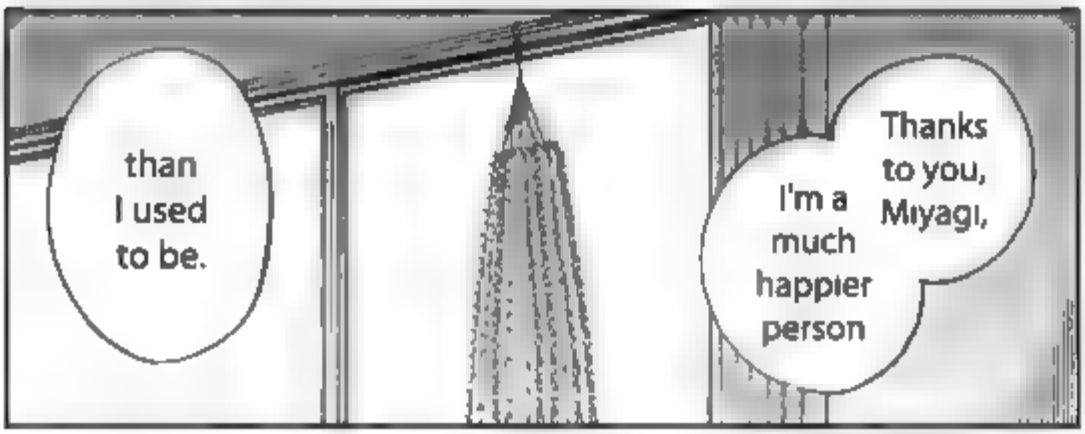
Was there any possible way?

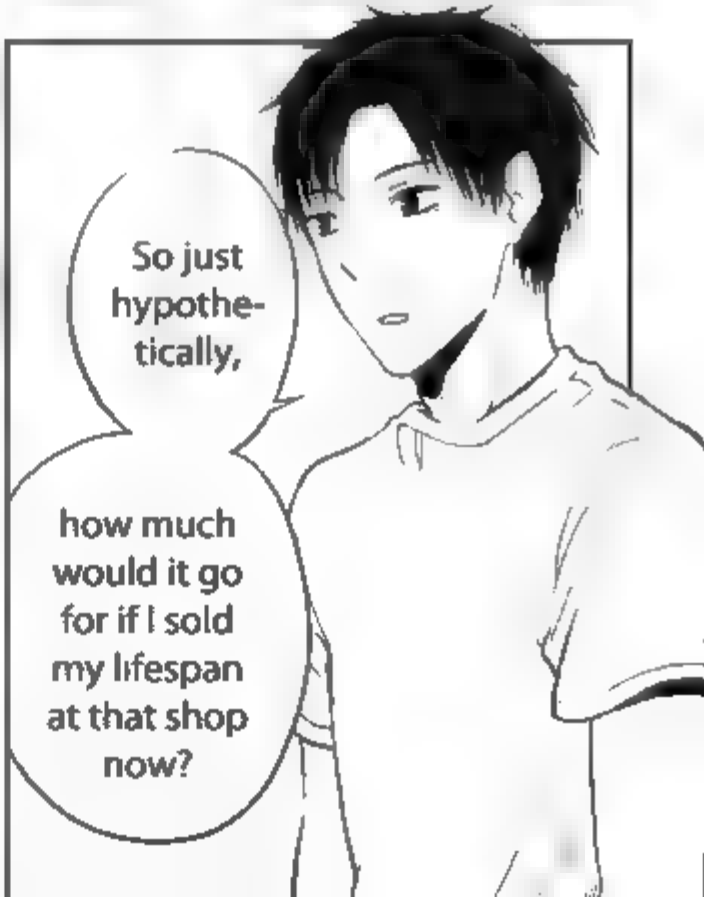
to make a sum far greater than a salaryman's annual income in that time...

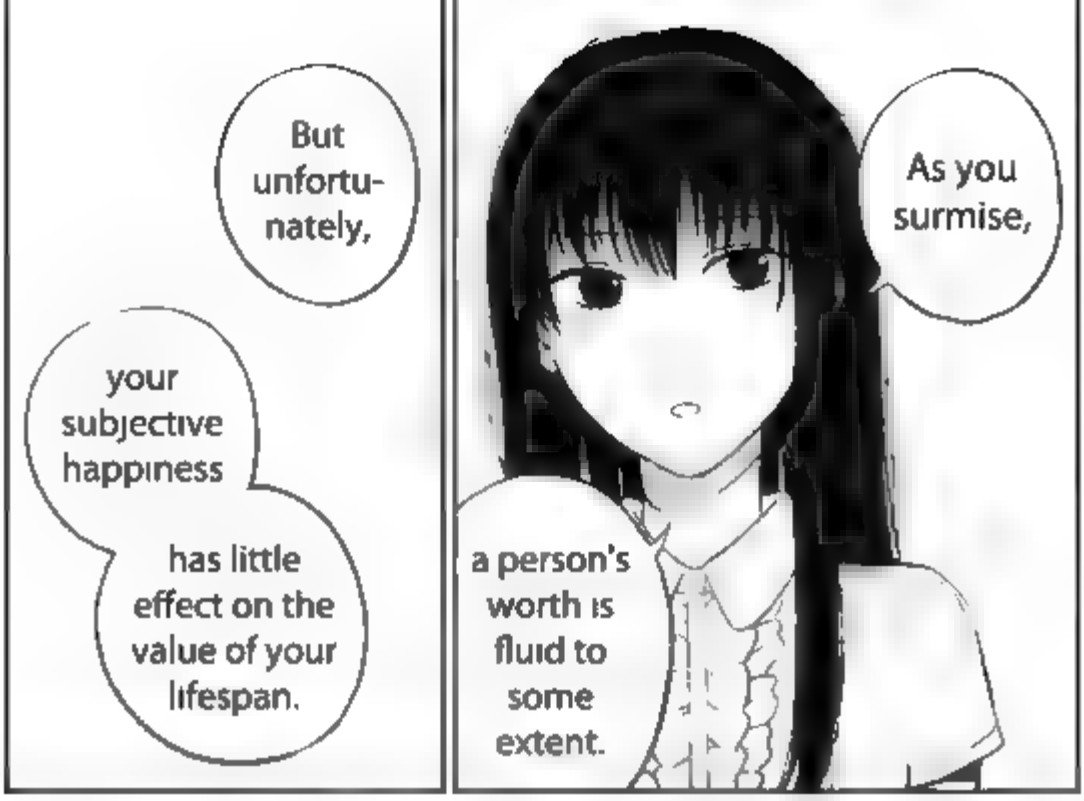
For an average college student like me

Though I'd made up my mind to repay Miyagi's debt,

I had two months left.






But unfortu-nately,
your subjective happiness
has little effect on the value of your lifespan.
As you surmise,
a person's worth is fluid to some extent.

They favor things which are objective,
and easily recogniz-able, so to speak.
Social contri-butions, fame...
So then, what would add the most value?

...Um, Mr. Kusu-noki?

Please don't think of doing anything strange.
I believe I know more or less what you are considering.

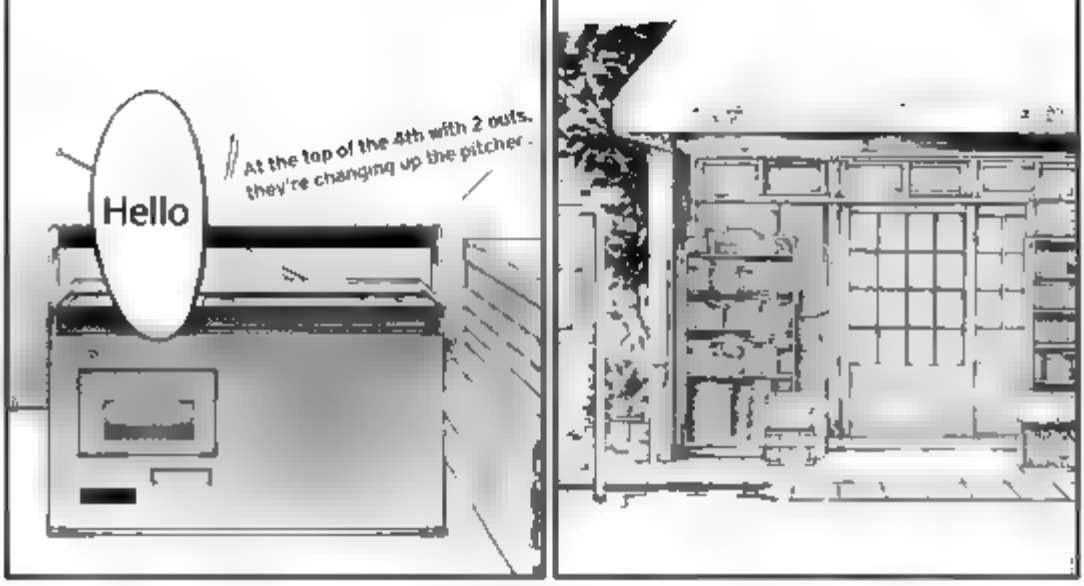
No doubt
you're thinking of ways to repay my debt, yes?

If so, then I'm glad
But even so,
I must say that I don't want you
to let your remaining time go to waste.

I'm terribly sorry, but that is a clear lapse of judgment.
If you are in fact
trying to look out for my happiness...

what's happiness for you, Miyagi?
Just for reference,

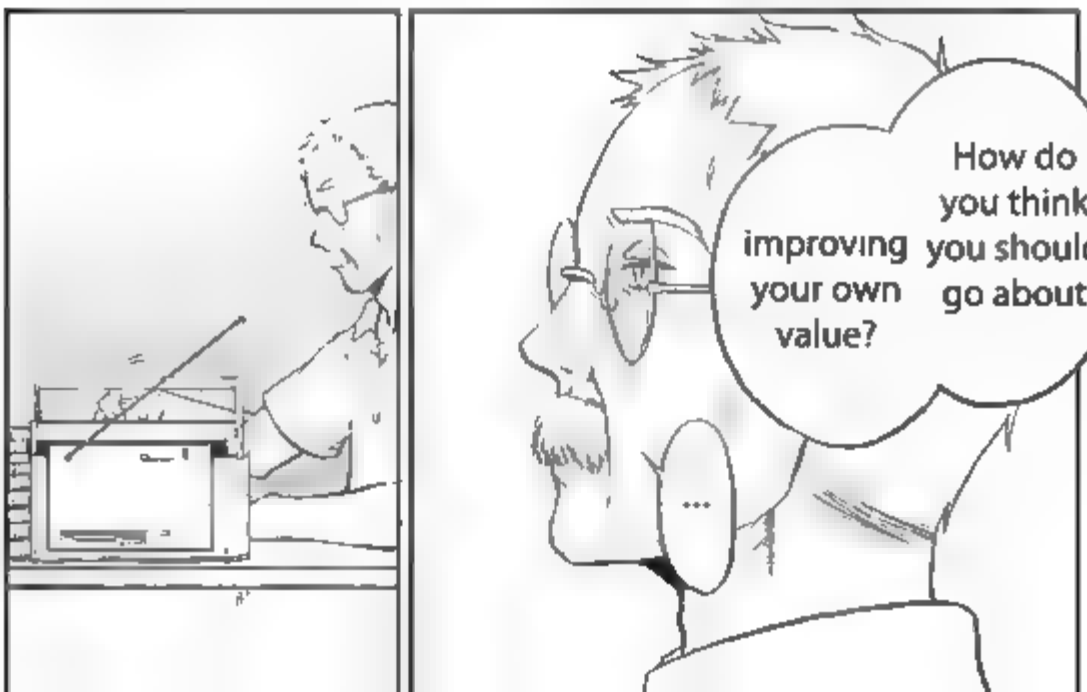
...
...Pay more attention to me.
You haven't been talking to me much lately, have you?

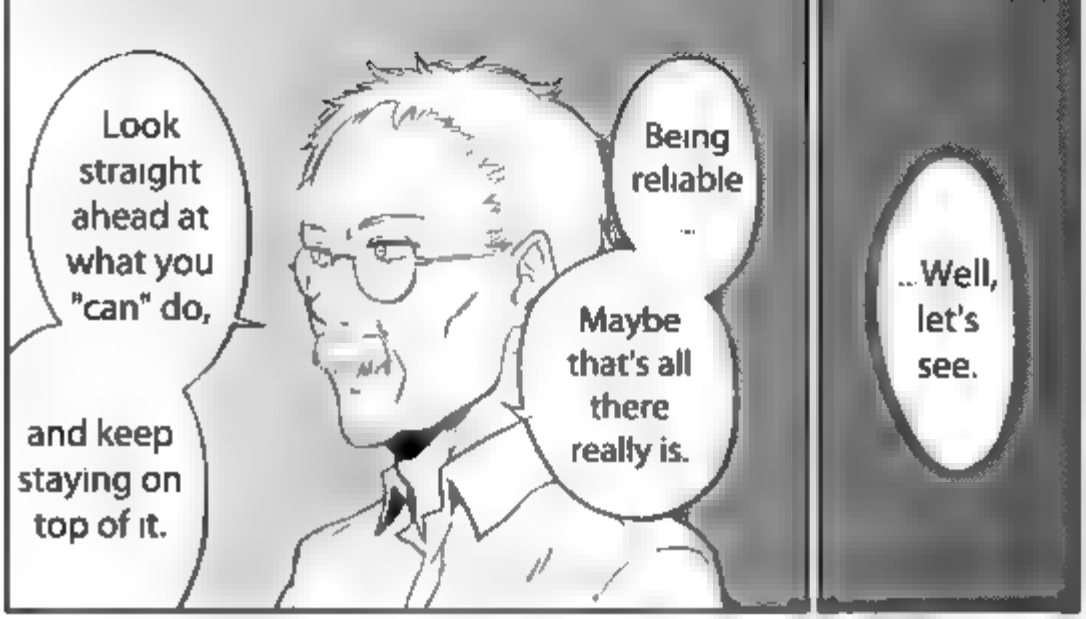

Hello
At the top of the 4th with 2 outs, they're changing up the pitcher.

...
Ohh.

I would need the imagination of others.
Pretty hot again today.
I was hitting the limits of what I could think up myself.

I wanted to ask something.


How do you think you should go about improving your own value?
...


Look straight ahead at what you "can" do,
and keep staying on top of it.
Being reliable ...
Maybe that's all there really is.
...Well, let's see.

more important than that.
But, there's some-thing
No better way than that, I think,
having got to the age I am.
I see.

"Don't trust the advice of somebody like me."
Got that?

A guy who never achieved anything talking about success
is just blind to their own failings.
Don't have to show any respect for what a guy like that says.

People with lots of failures
talk about 'em as if to say, in another life,
they'd turn them into successes.
But they're all - me included, 'course -
making a fundamental mistake.

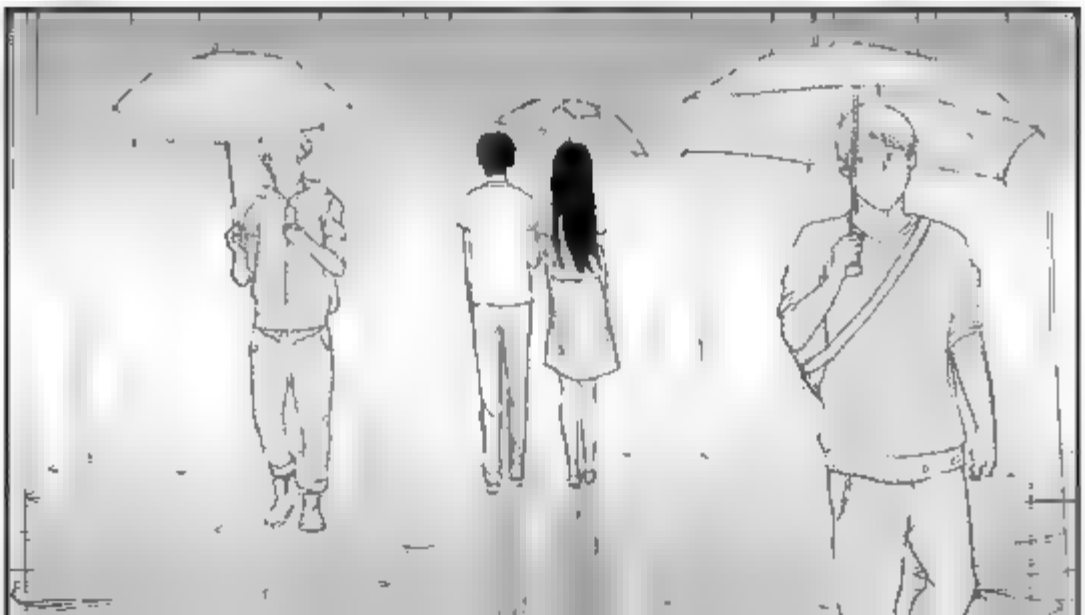
Fixing your mistakes doesn't mean success takes their place.
All it'll give you is just a point to start at.
That's something failures don't understand.
I found it a little funny remembering how Miyagi had said something very similar.
They have only just arrived at the starting line.

Wel-
come!
CD
CD
P
DVD

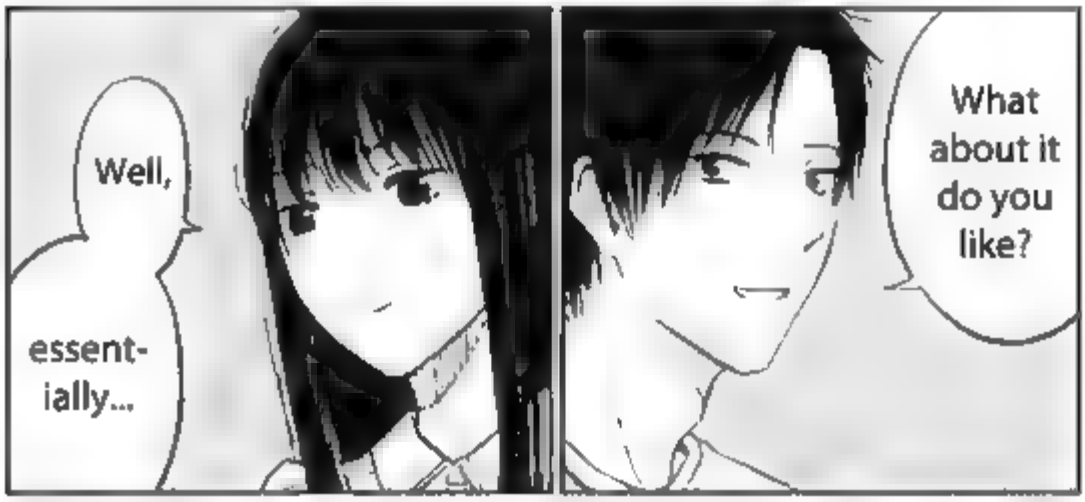
"If you want to accomplish something in a limited time..."
Huh.
Guess you gotta depend on others, dude.

Me,
I don't have a lotta faith in my own ability.
If I can't tackle a problem with, like, 80% of my all,
I go straight to somebody else.
Should I take that to heart or not?

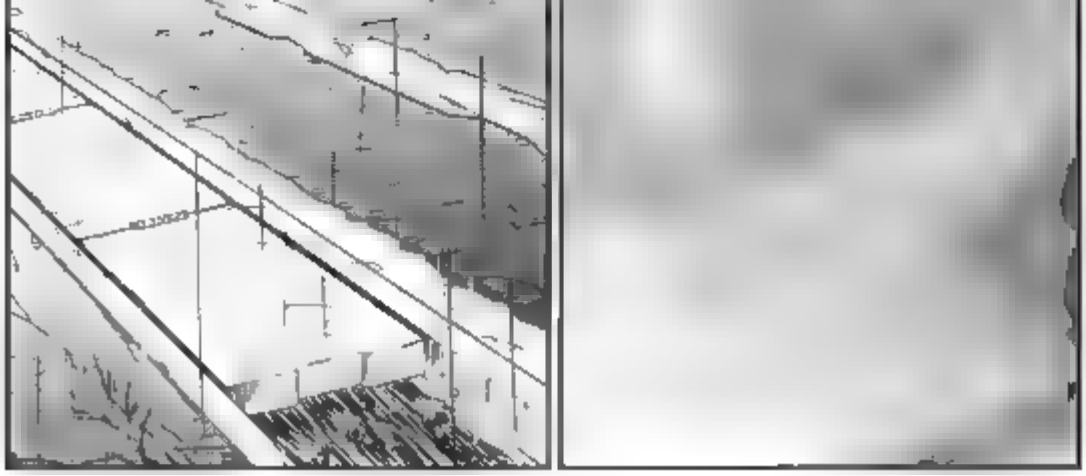
I dunno what exactly you're fixin' to do,
but whatever you wanna accomplish,
don't forget about your health.

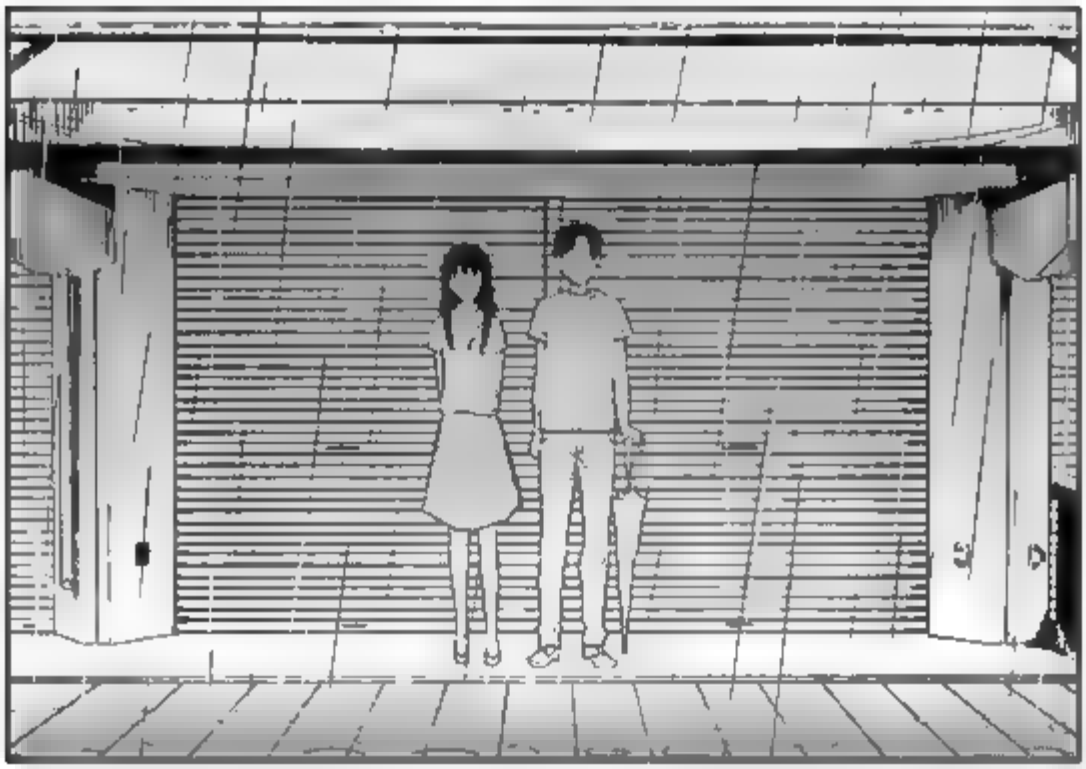


I quite like this kind of thing
Haha ...

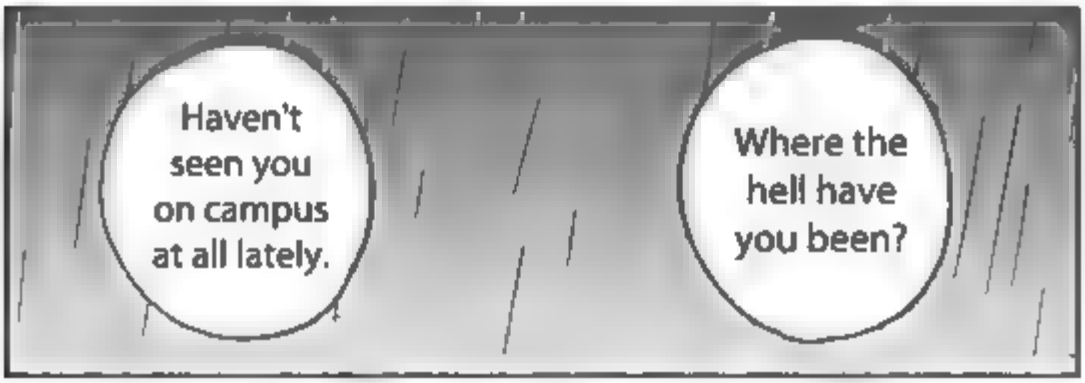

Well, essent-ially...
What about it do you like?

Despite how comical it looks to others,
you letting your shoulder get wet is a very kind gesture.
That's what I like.





Been a while.
It was a guy from college,
in my major, who I knew enough to say hi to.
...
Kusunoki.


Haven't seen you on campus at all lately.
Where the hell have you been?

Her name's Miyagi.
I've been going around with this girl here.

Can't stop you from thinking that.
I'm sure I'd say the same thing in your position.
But...
Not funny.
You're such a creep.

I'll respect that
you don't believe it.

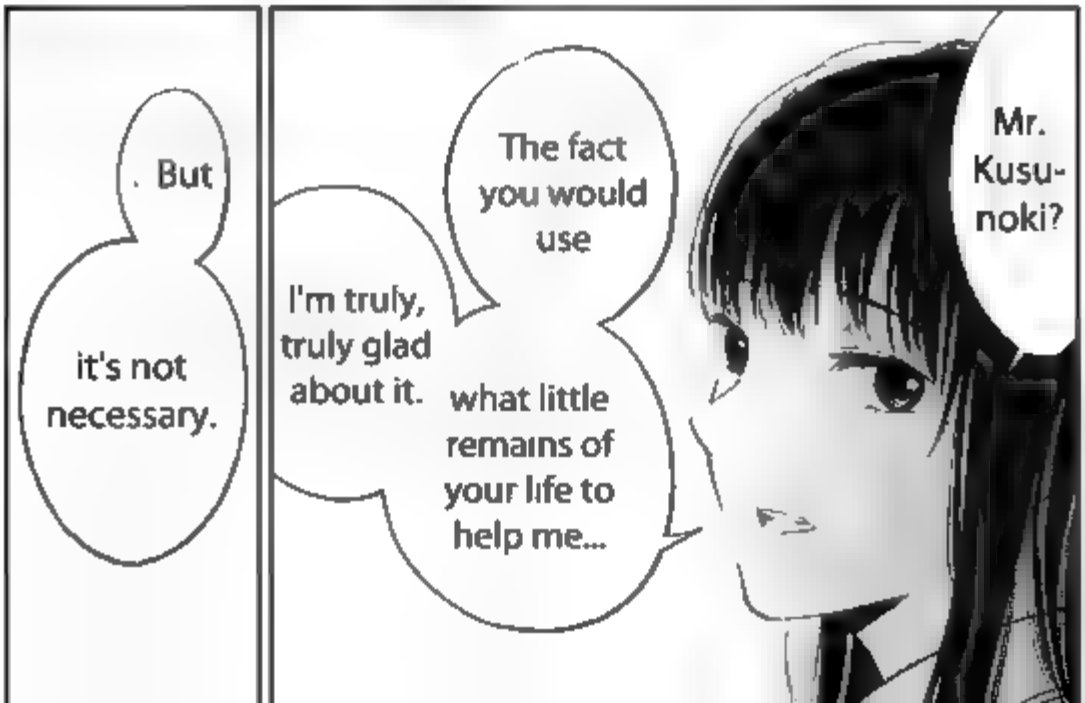
Miyagi's here, all right. And she's real cute

So I want you to respect that I do.
...

Man,
you really are deranged.

Um... Thank you
for what you did there.

"reliable," huh...


Mr. Kusu-noki?
The fact you would use what little remains of your life to help me...
I'm truly, truly glad about it.
. But it's not necessary.

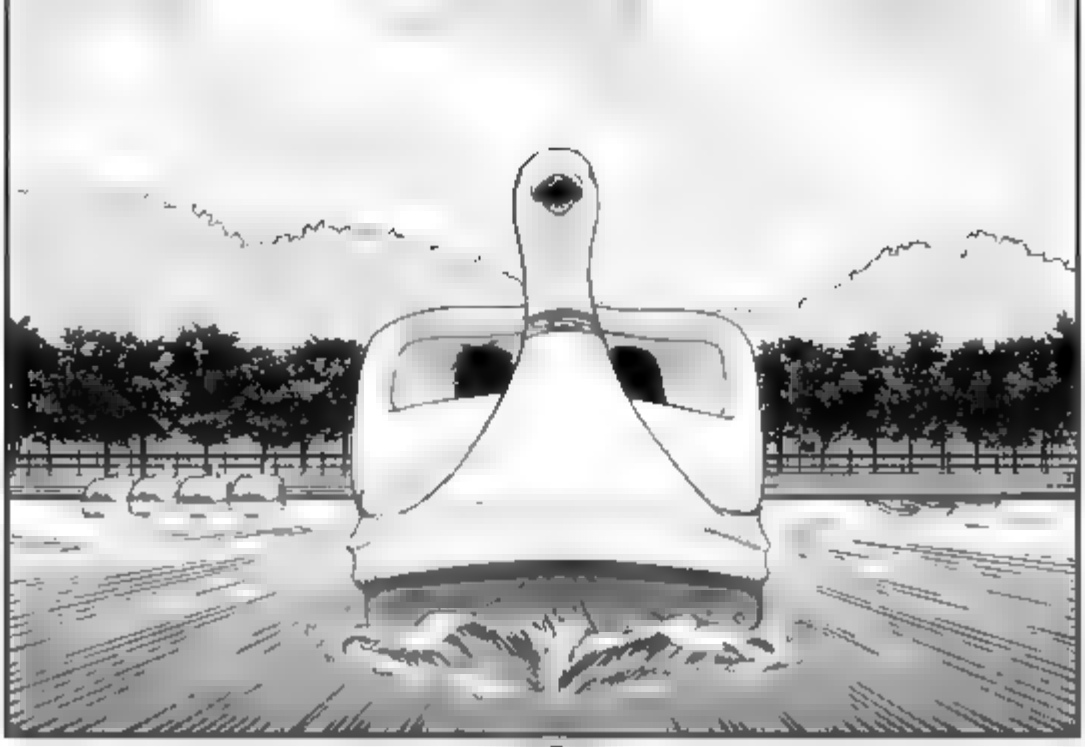
for some time now.
Be-cause you've already been saving me

I'll be able to think back on the days I spent with you,
and cry and laugh to myself, I think.
Even once decades have passed without you,

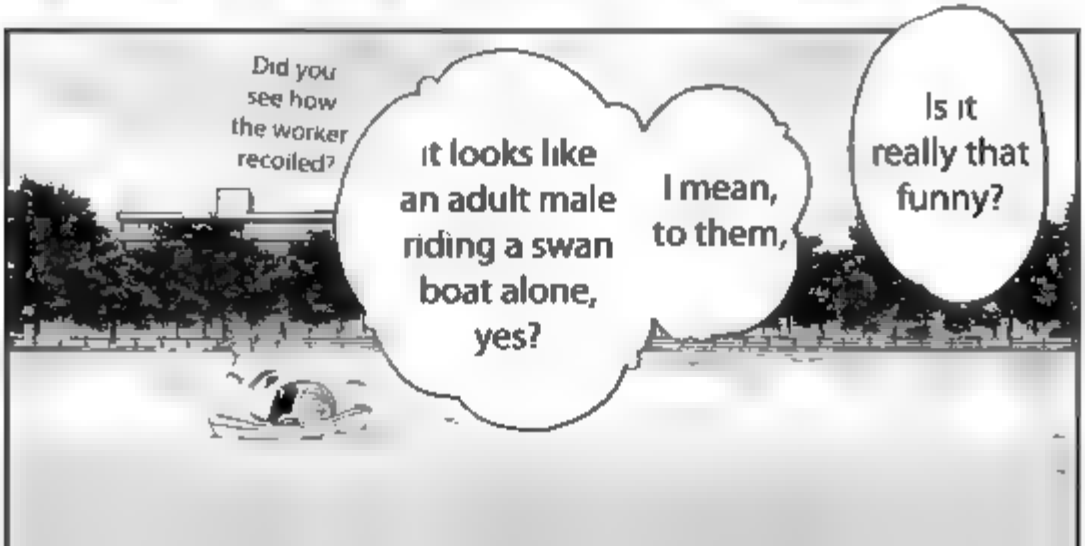
Instead
And so, real-ly, that's eno-ugh.
I believe just having memories like that will make living that much easier.

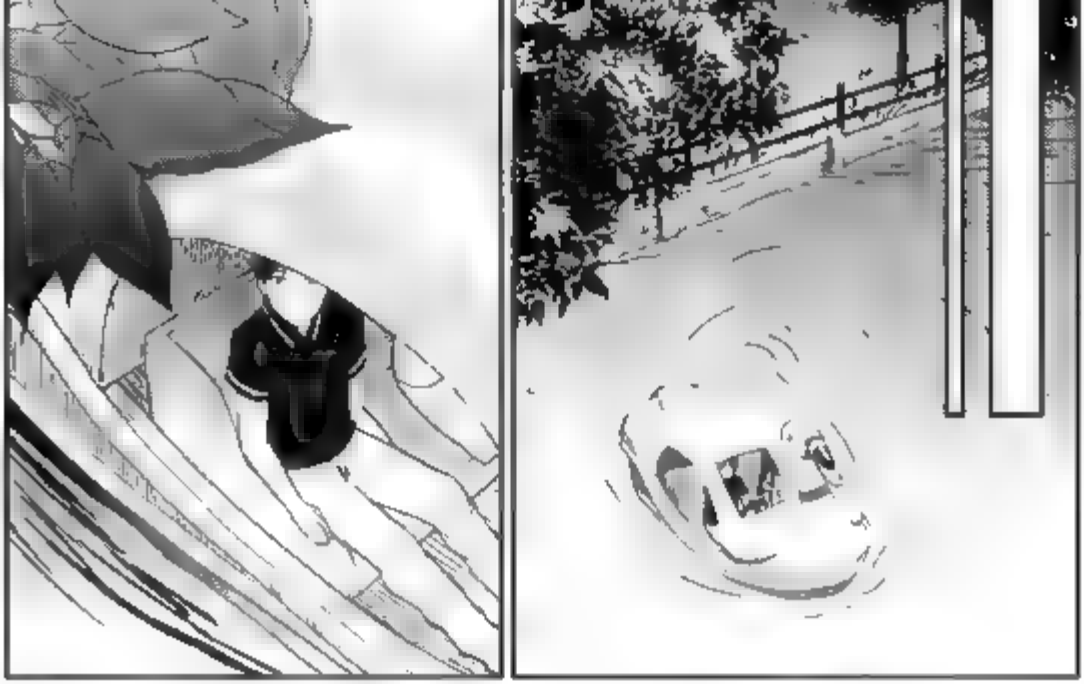
Instead,
give me memories.
For after you're gone,
when I feel hopelessly alone,
to warm myself with again and again -
as many memories
as you can.

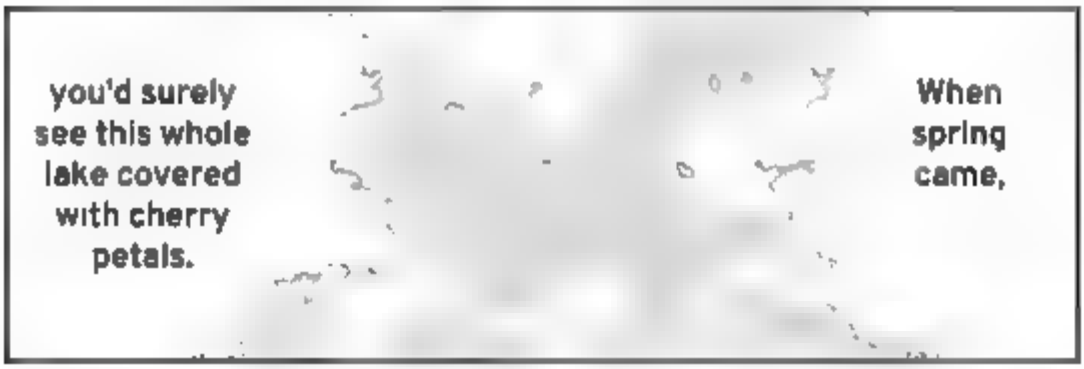
Okay,
let's
go!

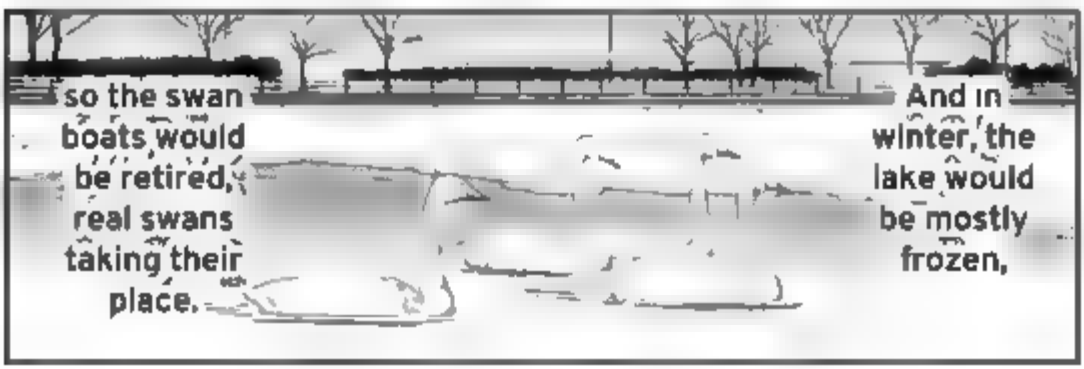


Ahaha haha haha haha haha!
Pfft...


Did you see how the worker recoiled?
It looks like an adult male riding a swan boat alone, yes?
I mean, to them,
Is it really that funny?



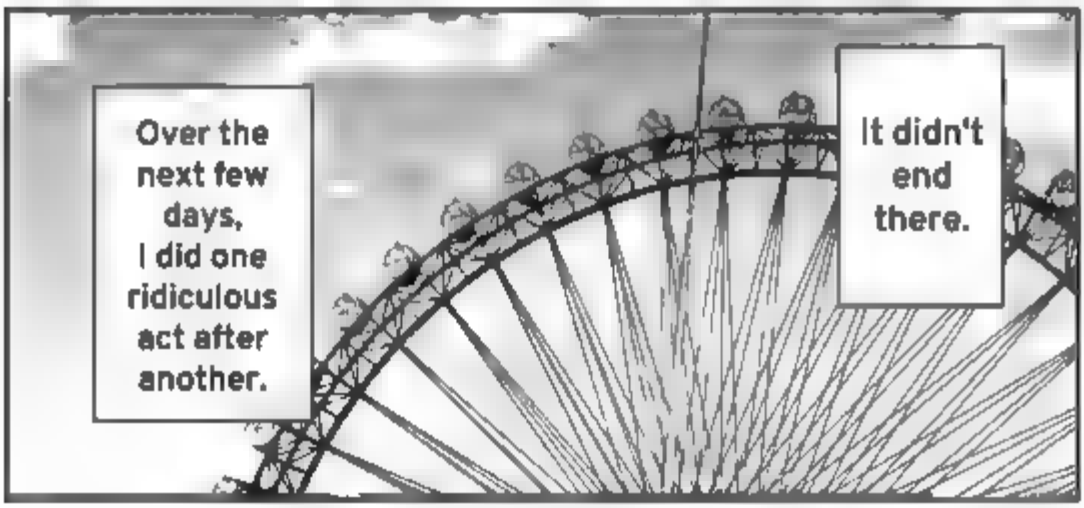




It was a somewhat lonely thought

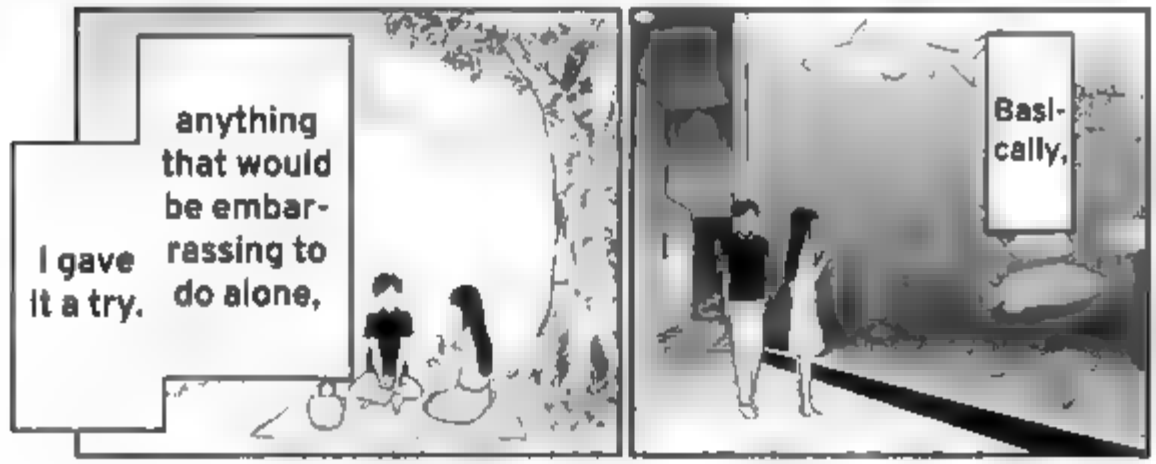
that I would never see spring nor winter again.

it quickly stopped mattering.
But looking at Miyagi smiling beside me,


Over the next few days, I did one ridiculous act after another.
It didn't end there.

every-thing you're not sup-posed to do alone,
I did.
To put it simply,

at least I knew
I was doing all of it with Miyagi.
Naturally,
though no one else saw it that way,

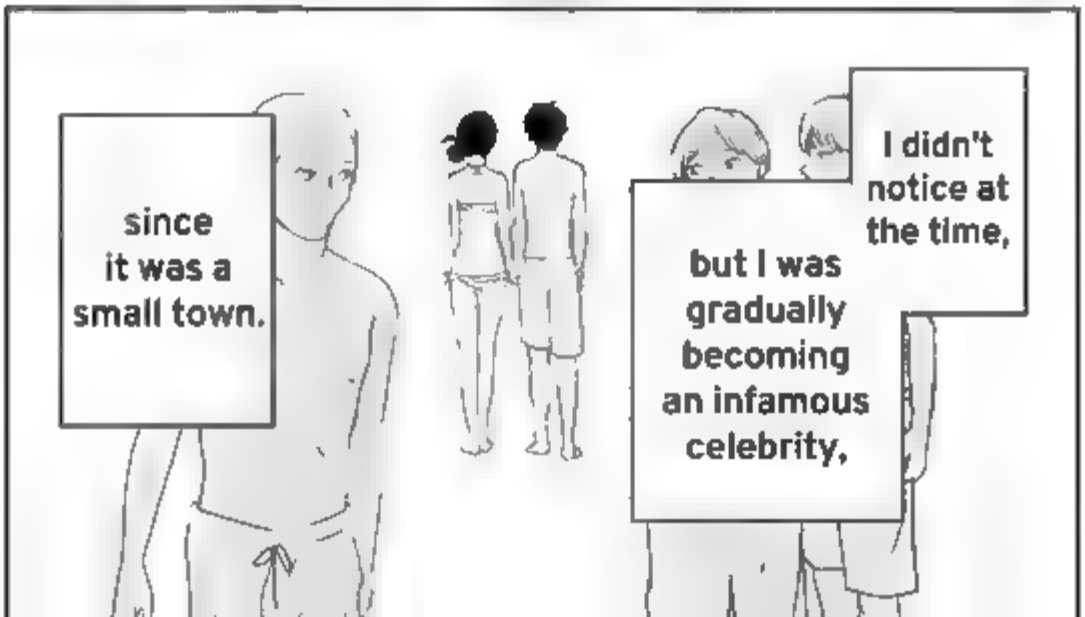

I gave it a try.
anything that would be embarrassing to do alone,
Basically,

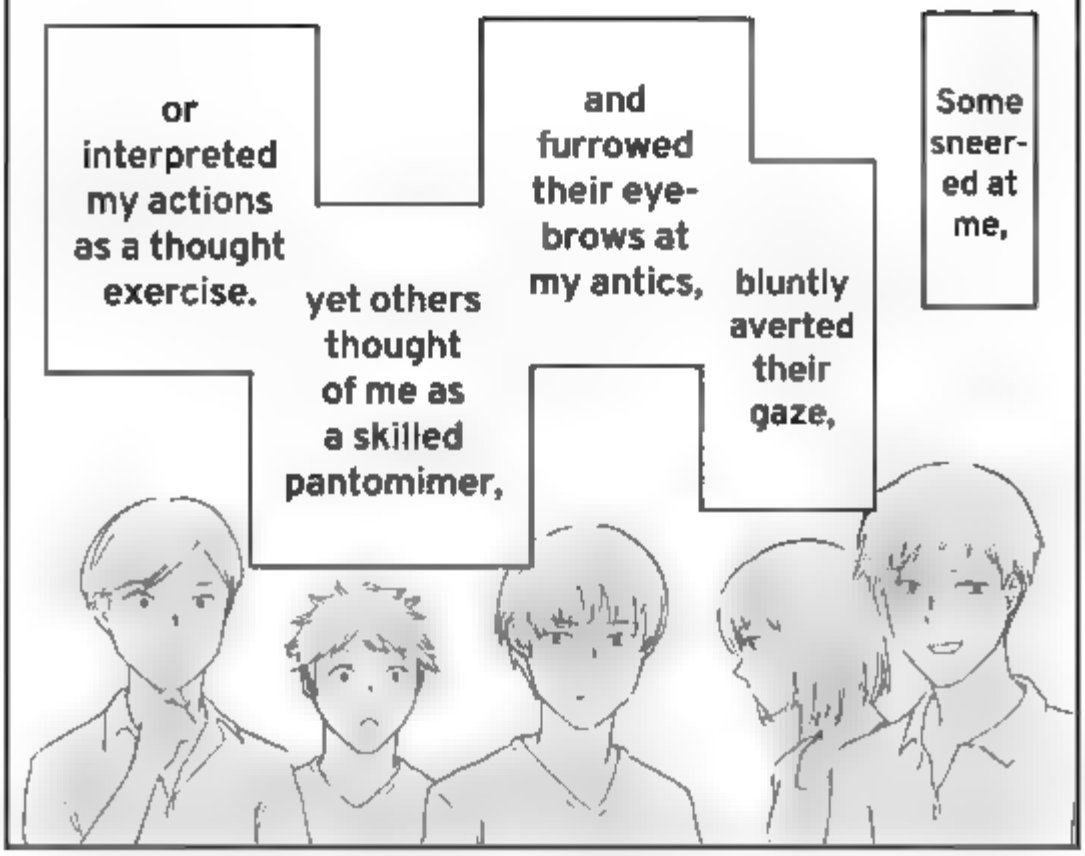
Don't worry, only I can see it.
...That's what's embarrassing...
...
You got a swimsuit and everything.
What are you embarrassed for?
Miyagi!

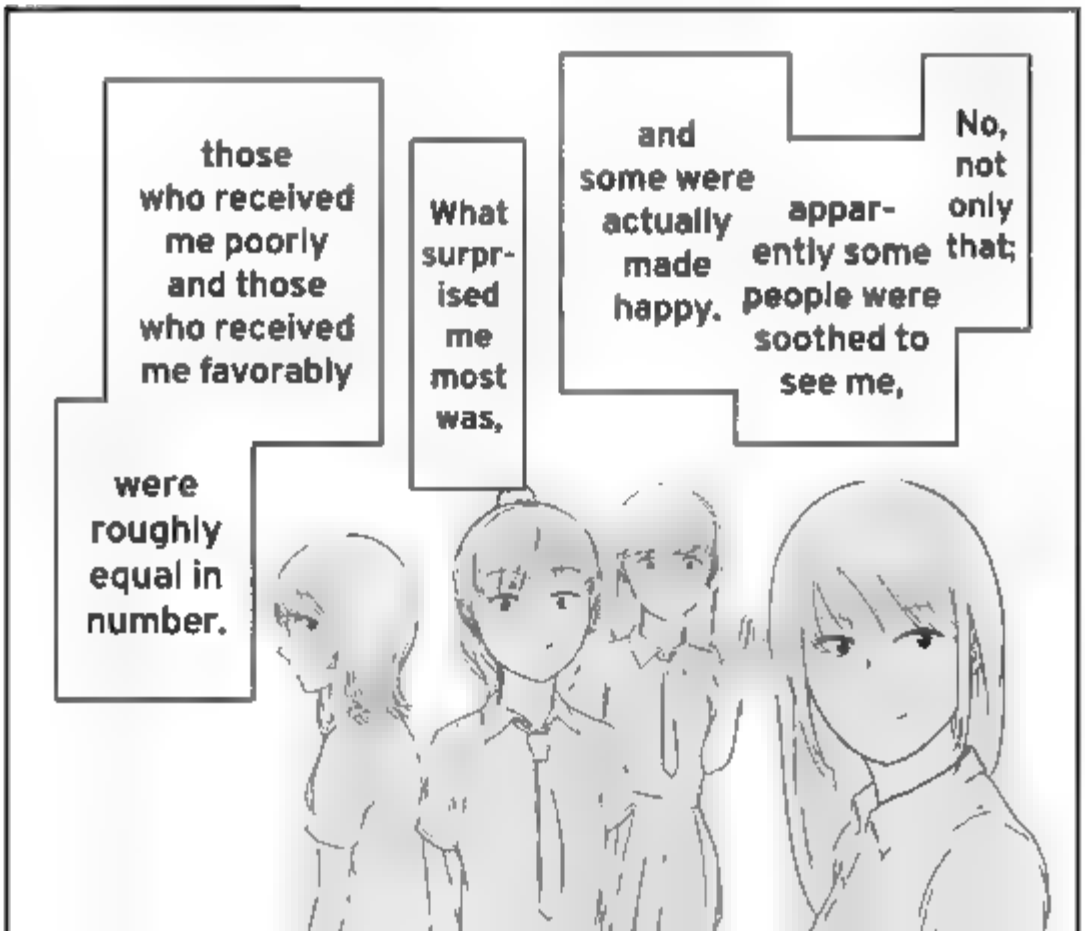
...
...Your thoughts?
Yeah.
You look pretty.

walk holding hands with her,
I would always actively say Miyagi's name,

and generally insist on her existence.
make eye contact with her,


since it was a small town.
I didn't notice at the time,
but I was gradually becoming an infamous celebrity,


or interpreted my actions as a thought exercise.
yet others thought of me as a skilled pantomimer,
and furrowed their eyebrows at my antics,
bluntly averted their gaze,
Some sneered at me,


those who received me poorly and those who received me favorably
were roughly equal in number.
What surprised me most was,
and some were actually made happy.
apparently some people were soothed to see me,
No, not only that;

But why?
feel their mood improved seeing my idiotic actions?
Why did nearly half of people
The answer
may have been surprisingly simple.

Because I looked like I was having the time of my life.
That alone might have been it.

寿命を買い取ってもらった。二年につき、一万円で。

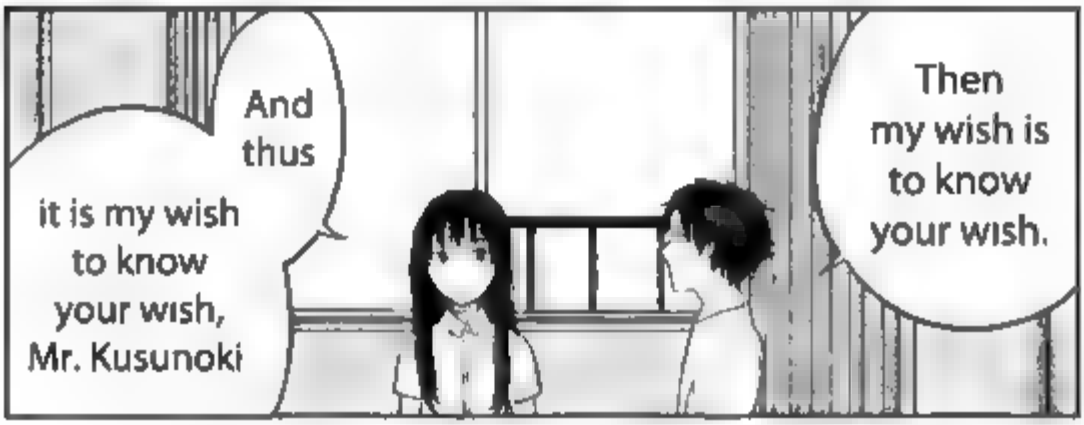
I Sold Off My Lifespan, For 10,000 Yen A Year.

Chapter 14

Original: Sugaru Miaki Manga: Shoichi Taguchi
("Three Days of Happiness" from Media Works Bunko)
Character Design: E9L / Shoichi Taguchi

Mr. Kusunoki,
is there anything you'd like me to do?
Well...
What's this all of a sudden?
I just felt that you've been the only one giving.

If I had to say,
my wish is only to know
what your wish is.
Well, Miyagi,
is there anything *you* want me to do for you?
There isn't.
You do plenty enough for me already.

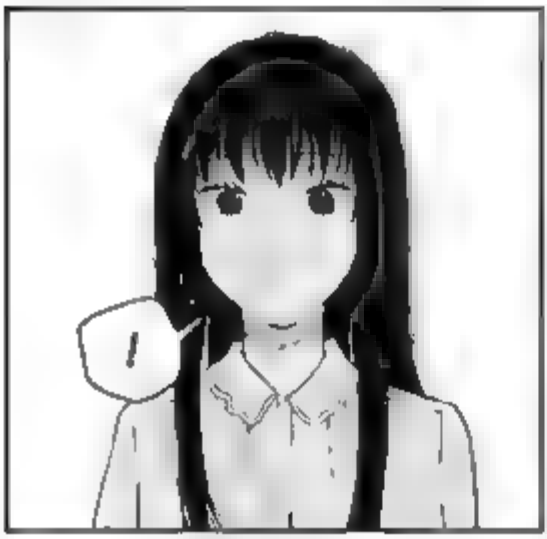

And thus
it is my wish to know your wish, Mr. Kusunoki
Then my wish is to know your wish.

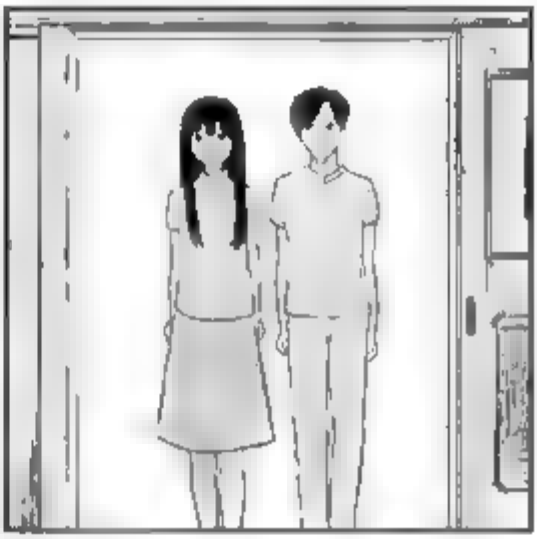
Before, you asked me what I would do if I had only months to live,
and I gave three answers, yes?
And thus, my wish is...
Okay, my wish is to know your wish.
Okay...
...

So you wanna meet
your childhood friend, then?
Starry Lake, and child-hood friend? make your grave,
Yes.

Not exactly meet.
It would just be me seeing him, of course...

I feel I can endure it now.
even if my memories may be spoiled,
...But,
that I'll be dis-appointed.
I don't doubt
Are you daft?
That's not what I meant at all.
Because you're here, Mr. Kusunoki.
is a more miserable loser, after all.
...Well, the best conso-lation for a loser
Like this, right?
I know, my bad.
Yes, like that.
!

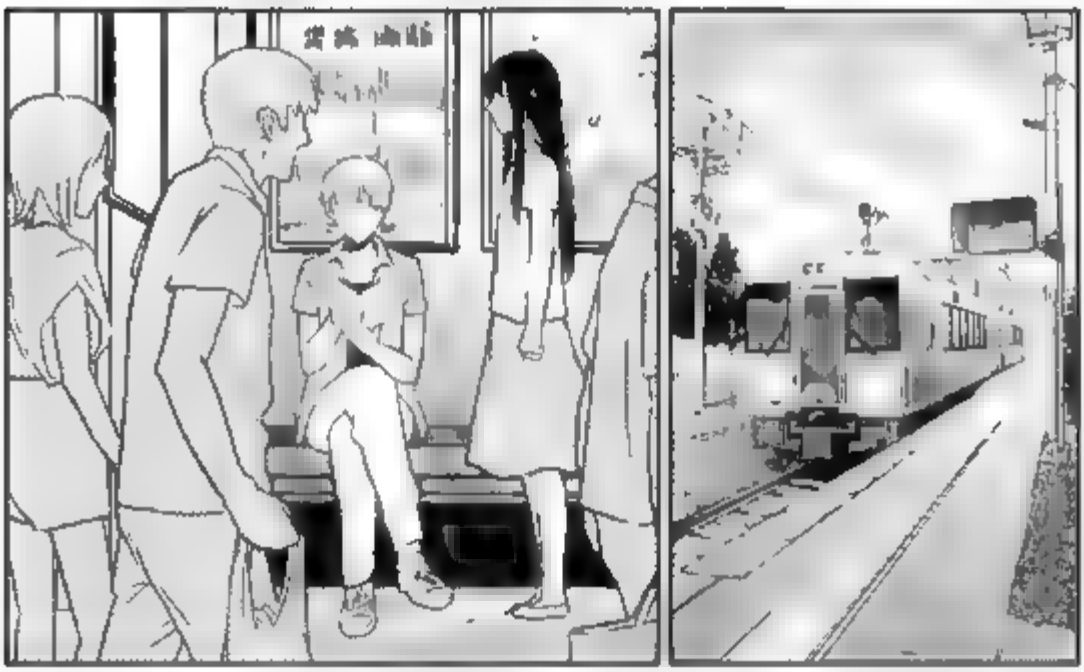


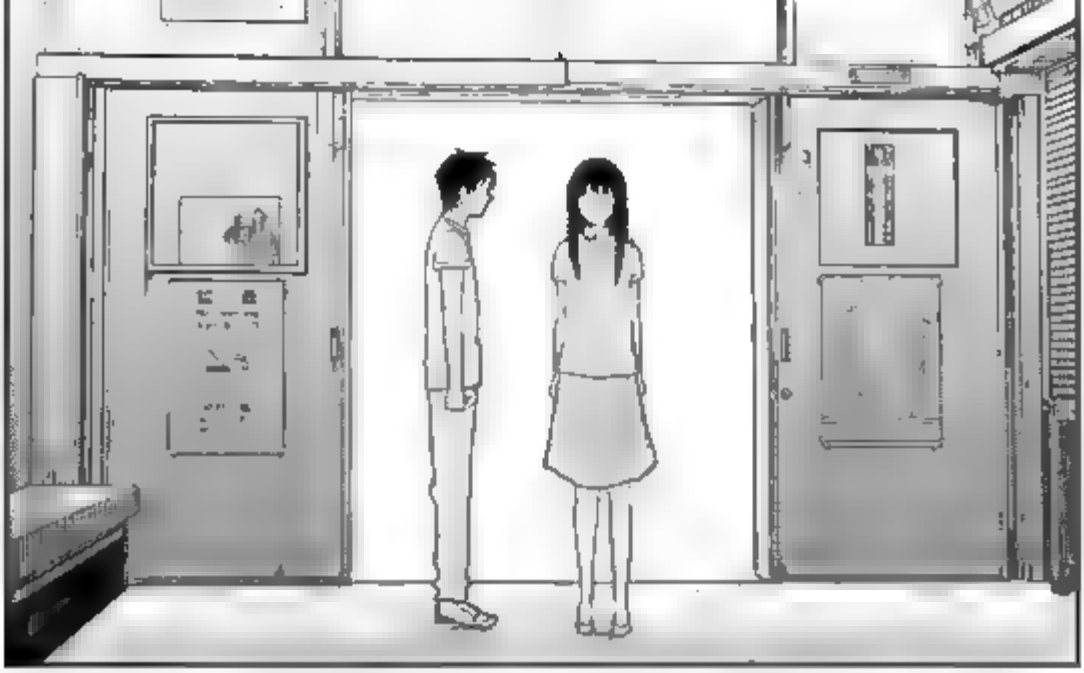


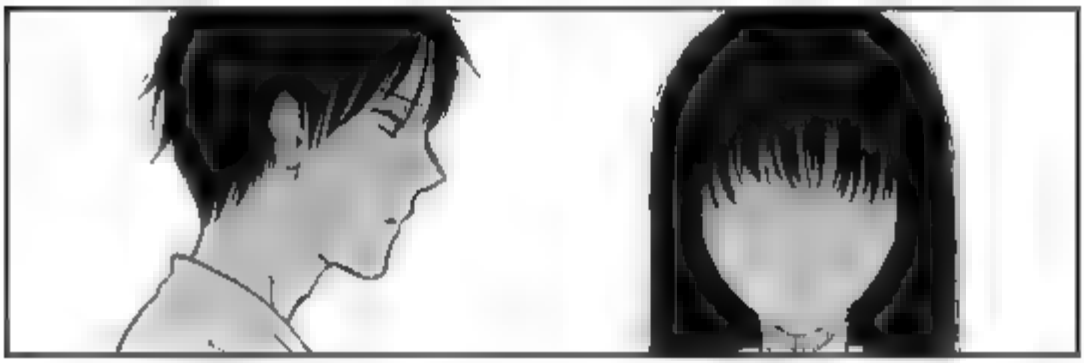
His expression had a certain kind of easygoing confidence.
You could just tell.
but for someone coming off of one.
The man wasn't waiting for a train,

...Guess we better get going.
who that "someone" was.
I figured Miyagi didn't care to see
it was an expression only for those who had confidence from loving someone and being loved.
In ess-ence,

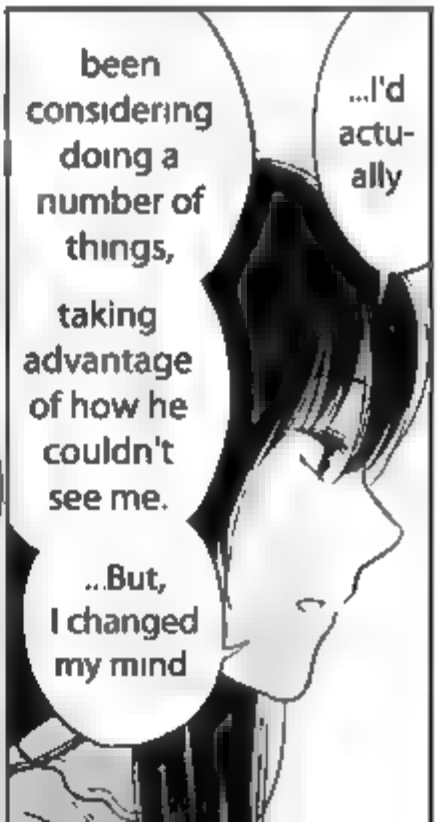
I want to see what kind of person he loves now.
But, I want to watch.
Thank you for your concern.



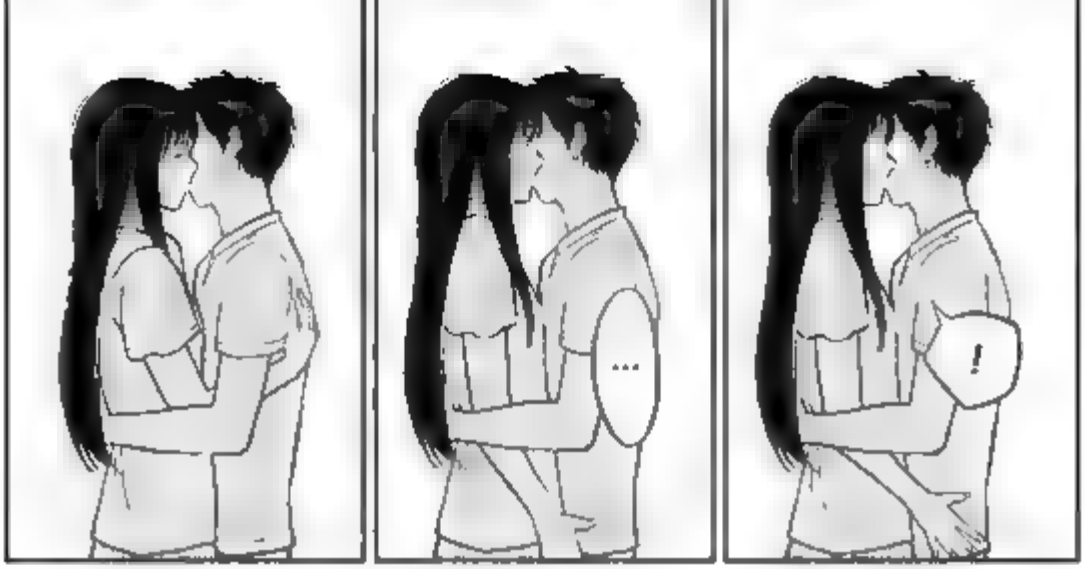




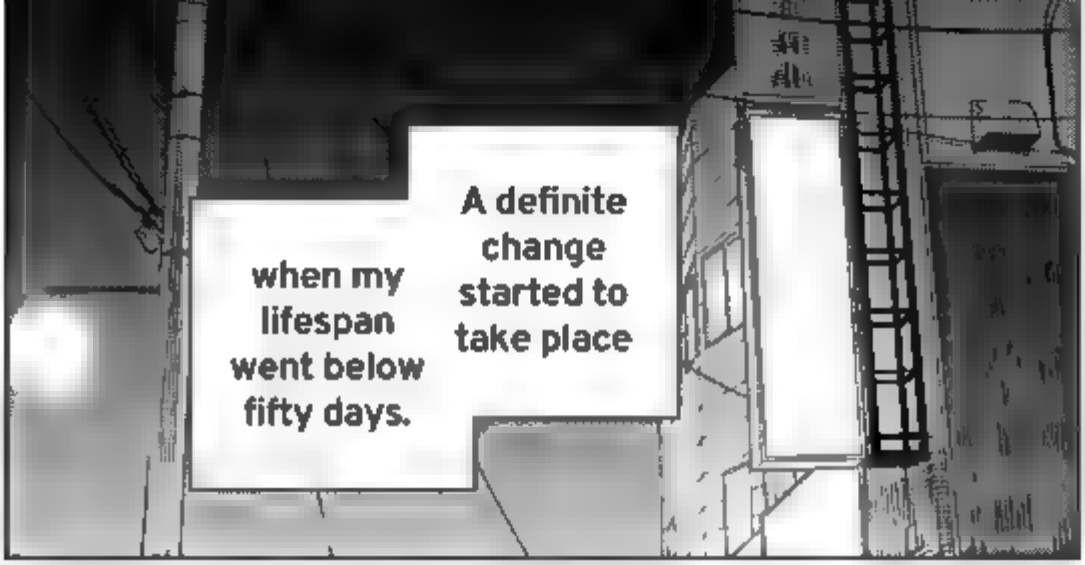
Such as?
That sort of thing.
Such as forcibly hugging him.


...I'd actually been considering doing a number of things,
taking advantage of how he couldn't see me.
..But, I changed my mind

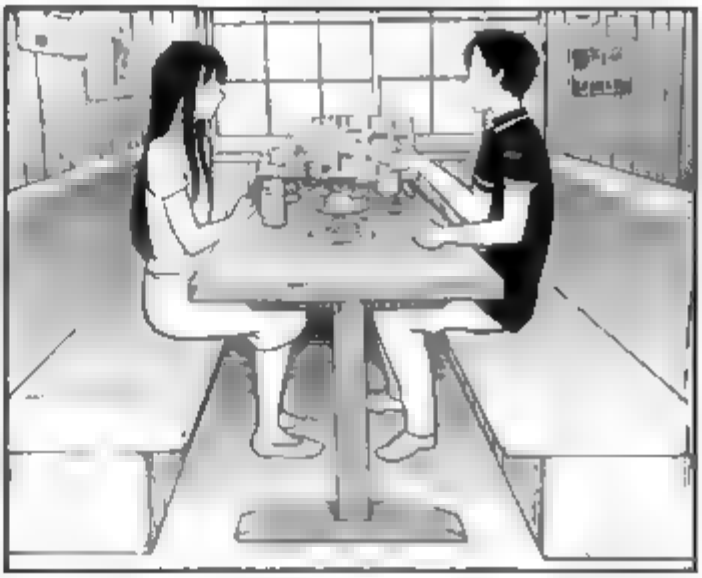
Such as?
If it were me,
I think I'd do more than that.


...
!

..In-deed.
No one will blame you.
If nobody's going to blame me,
no reason not to do selfish stuff like that.


A definite change started to take place
when my lifespan went below fifty days.

Hey.



!
Havin' fun all on your own, eh?

Gya-hah-hah!
I'll call an ambu-lance!
The heat broke your brain?!
Why you gotta do that?
Made me lose my appetite!
Lookin' like a real creep, though.

Huh?
Is that you, Mr. Kusunoki?
Hey, say somethin'

You're with Ms. Miyagi again today?

I'm terribly sorry,
but could you give up that seat?
That's a big guy

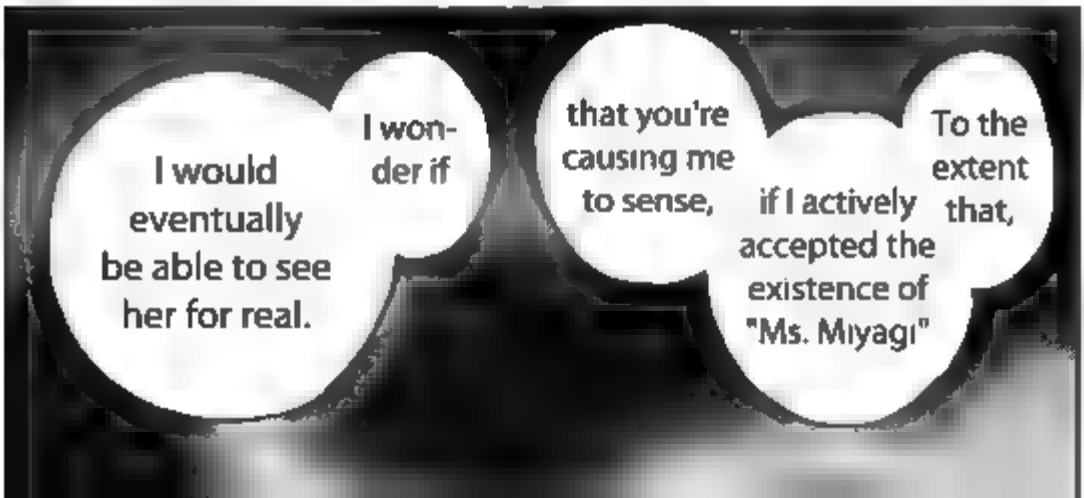
Is he pretending he sees Miyagi for me ?
It was that man who lived on the same floor as me.
The man who lived next door
shot me a look of disgust.
...

You were just helping, huh?
I'm grateful.
Yeah, I know.
Let me just say first,
I don't necessarily believe this "Miyagi" girl actually exists.
Actually,
it's not entirely that, either.
You may not admit to it, but...
I see what you're doing
as some kind of performance art.
To see how many people
you can trick into believing this "Miyagi" really exists.
Through pantomime,
you're attempting to prove how people's common sense can be shaken.

has succeeded on me somewhat.
...And that attempt

I don't like to admit it,
but I believe so.

You mean, you can actually feel Miyagi's presence, to an extent?


I would eventually be able to see her for real.
I wonder if
that you're causing me to sense,
if I actively accepted the existence of "Ms. Miyagi"
To the extent that,

Miyagi ...
has fair skin,
and I'd describe her as a delicate girl.
Usually she has cold eyes,
but sometimes she'll show a modest smile.

...I wonder why...
All of those character-istics
match with how I imagined Miyagi.

And now,
Miyagi's right in front of you.
Why do you think that is?
I'm not sure of that part.

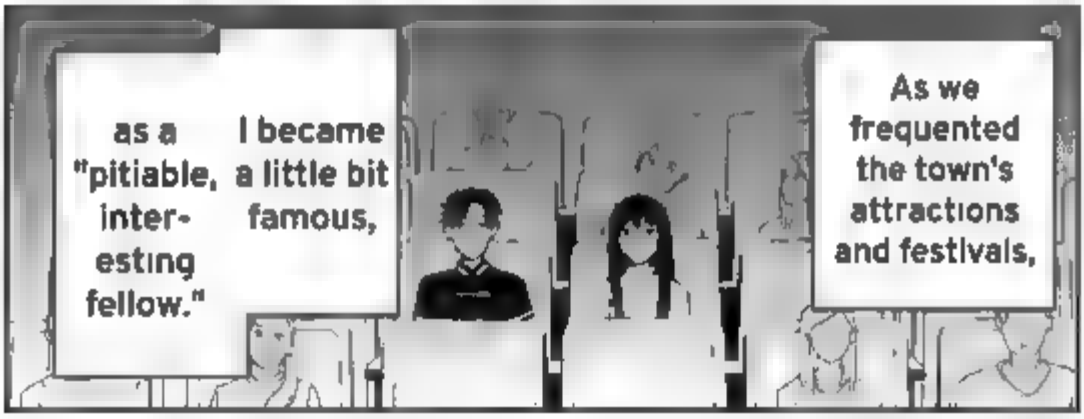
She wants a handshake.

...
Hold out your right hand, will you?

Yep.
But you probably think you're moving it yourself.
So then am I to believe Ms. Miyagi is shaking my hand?

I somehow felt she might!
Don't mention it.
Miyagi tells me to tell you "thank you."
Would you tell him I said "thank you very much"?
So long as something gets it going,
I wonder if Ms. Miyagi's existence might very quickly be accepted by everyone.
Sensing Ms. Miyagi's presence at your side...
Per-haps
I'm not the only one who can do so.
He was right.

Of course, it wasn't like they seriously believed in this invisible person.
It was more like people mutually agreed to accept my nonsense and play along.
It's hard to believe, but after that event, people around us started to accept Miyagi's existence.


I became a little bit famous, as a "pitiable, interesting fellow."
As we frequented the town's attractions and festivals,

So cute li'l Miyagi is right here, is she?
Huh...
One night...

Now that you say it,
I feel like she is.

Here you go.

I thought if I asked you enough questions, I'd catch you in a contradiction.
But it's all perfectly consistent.
Very interesting.

If I could see her,
I'd probably fall for her in no time.
She's just my type.
You should consider yourself lucky I can't see Ms Miyagi

'Cause Miyagi likes me.
Doesn't matter either way.

Don't go saying things like that.
bop

I wanna see too!
You should show us!
Jus' how much do you like Ms. Miyagi?!
Misser Kusunoki, Misser Kusunoki!

Yes.
Miya-gi

Even I was stunned by the sheer absurdity of what I was doing.

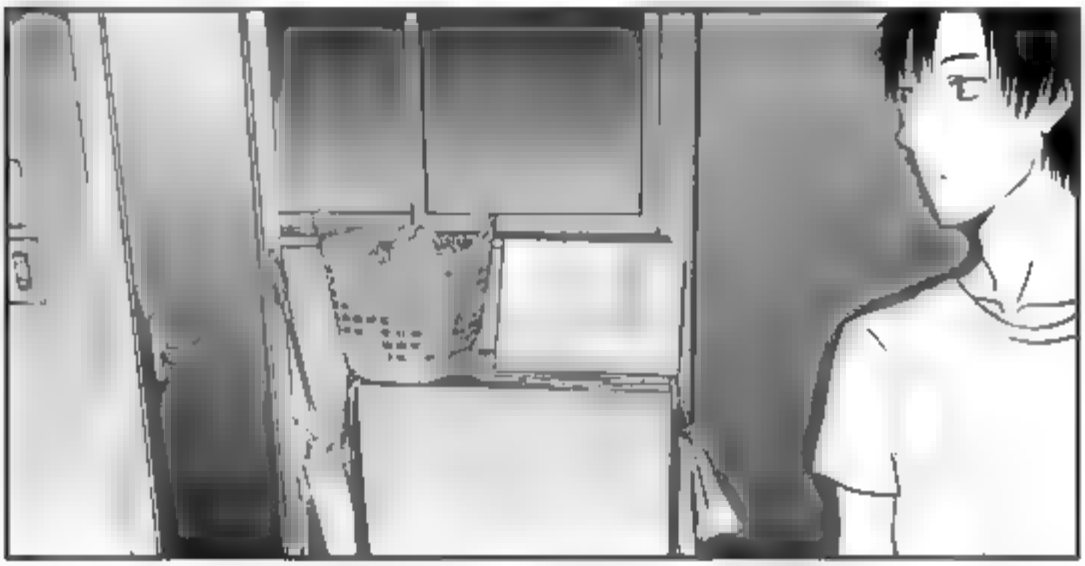
WOO OOO OOO OOO OO!!

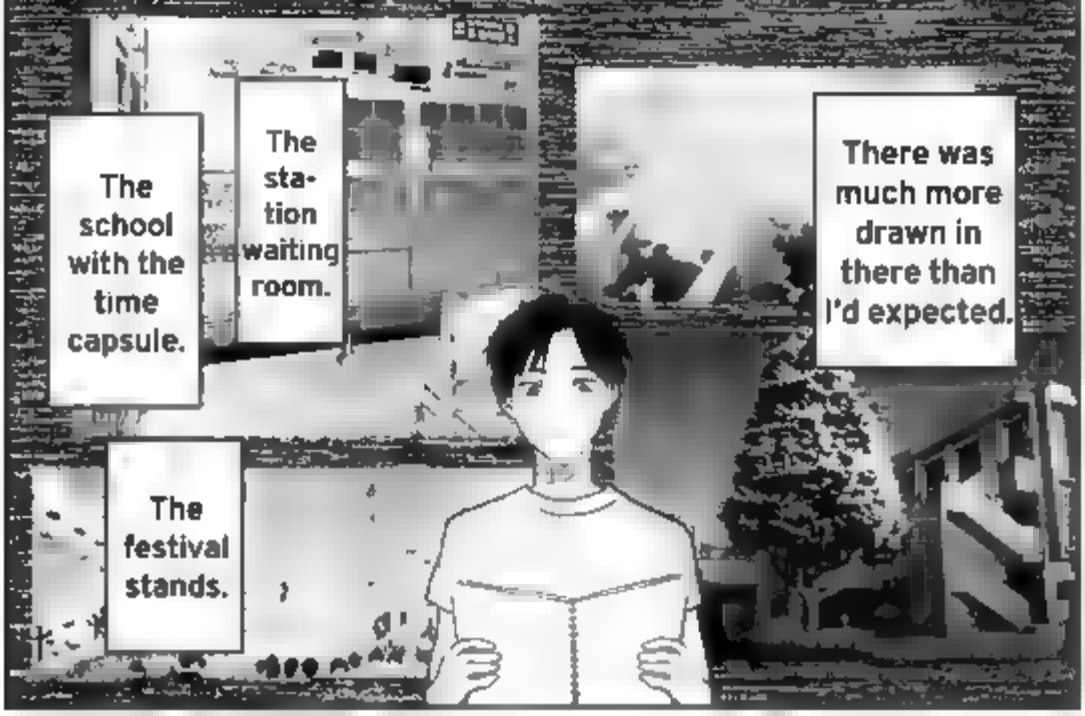
None of them honestly believed in Miyagi's existence.

They must have thought of me as a crazed, happy fool.

But what was wrong with that?

For better or worse.
This summer,
I was the best clown in town.

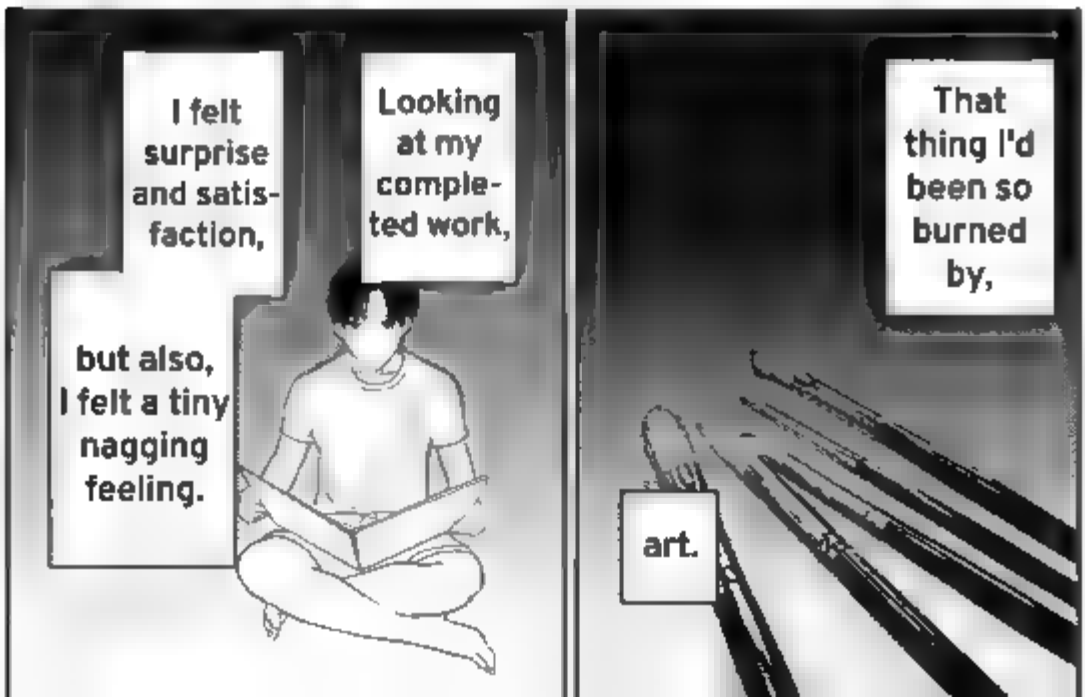



The school with the time capsule.
The station waiting room.
There was much more drawn in there than I'd expected.
The festival stands.

And...

and in return,
I drew Miyagi sleeping.
I turned to a new page,

It had been years since I'd drawn a piece of art without stopping.


I felt surprise and satisfaction,
but also, I felt a tiny nagging feeling.
Looking at my completed work,
That thing I'd been so burned by,
art.

It was easy to overlook.
I could've ignored it, closed the sketch-book,
and gotten right back to sleep.
But I was sure of some-thing.
I used all of my con-centration.
I strained my senses to their fullest
to figure out that nagging feeling.

I reached for it like a letter floating in a stormy sea,
my hand always slipping as I tried to grab it.
Many minutes later, as I was about to pull back in defeat,
it landed naturally right in my palm.
I lifted it very, very carefully out of the water.

my pencil flew across the sketchbook with intensity.

as if something had possessed me,

The next moment,

I continued for the entire night.

寿命を買い取ってもらった。二年につき、二万円で。

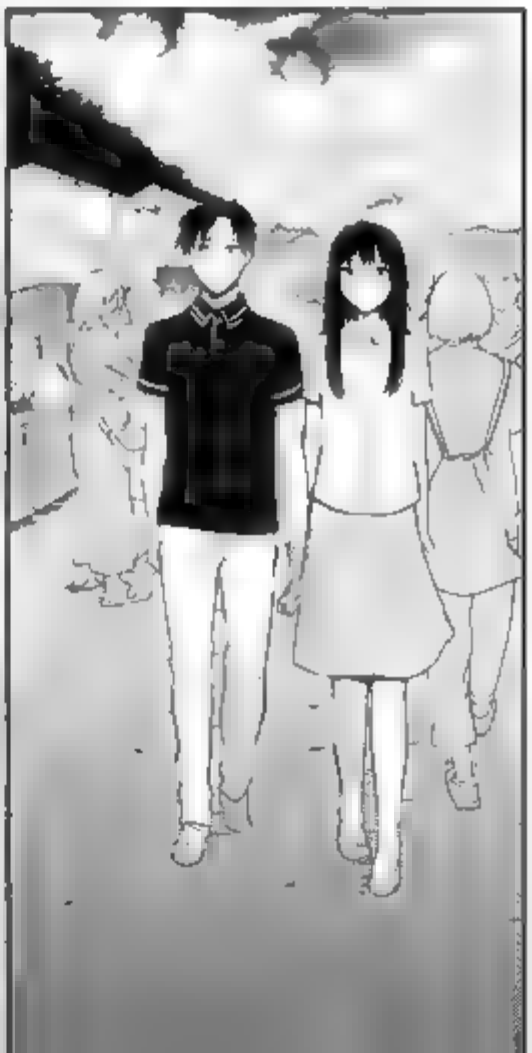
I Sold Off My Lifespan, For 10,000 Yen A Year.

Chapter 15

Original: Sugaru Miaki Manga: Shoichi Taguchi
("Three Days of Happiness" from Media Works Bunko)
Character Design: E9L / Shoichi Taguchi

納涼花火大会
Evening Fireworks Show

It's Kusu-noki!
Ah!

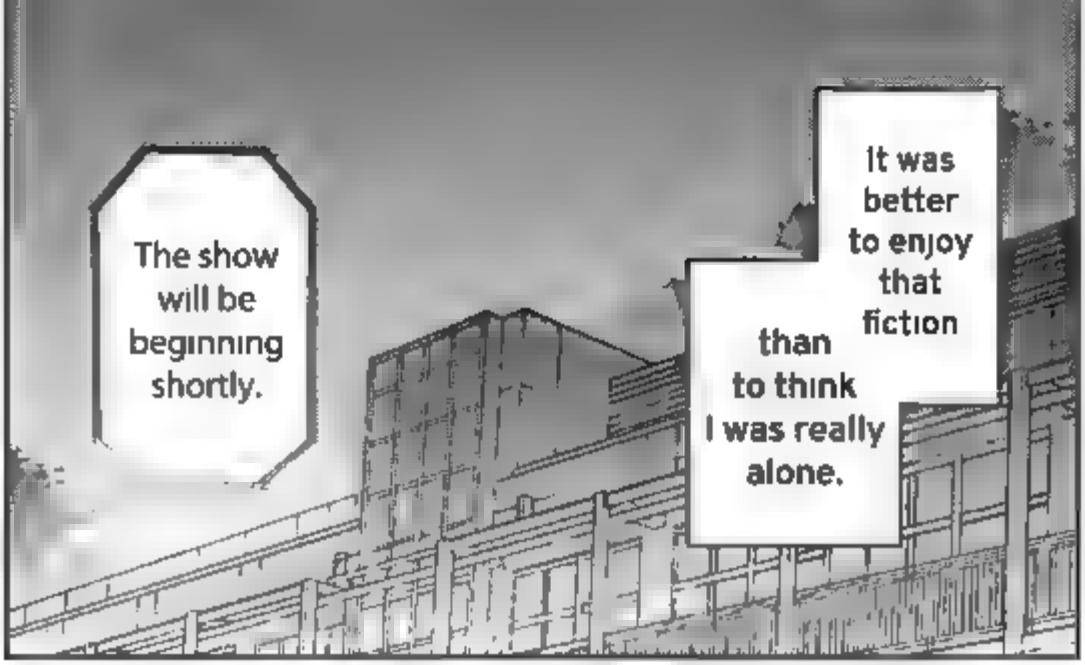


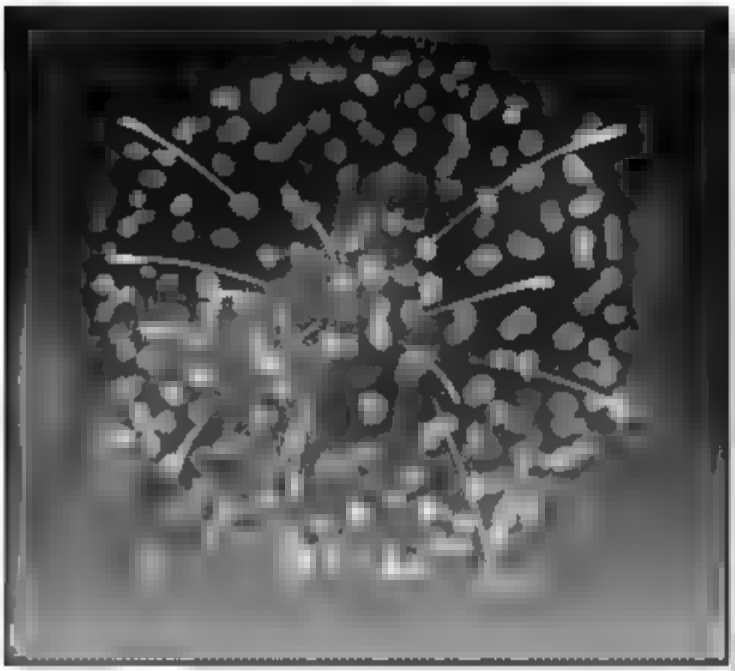
Aha haha!

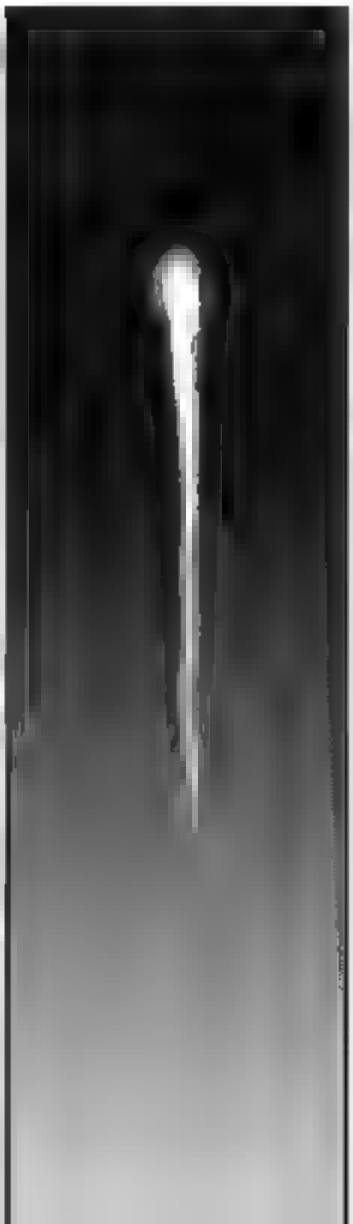
Great, isn't she?
Well, you can't have her
What a girl you've got there!

This sort of thing made me happy.
Ha ha ha!

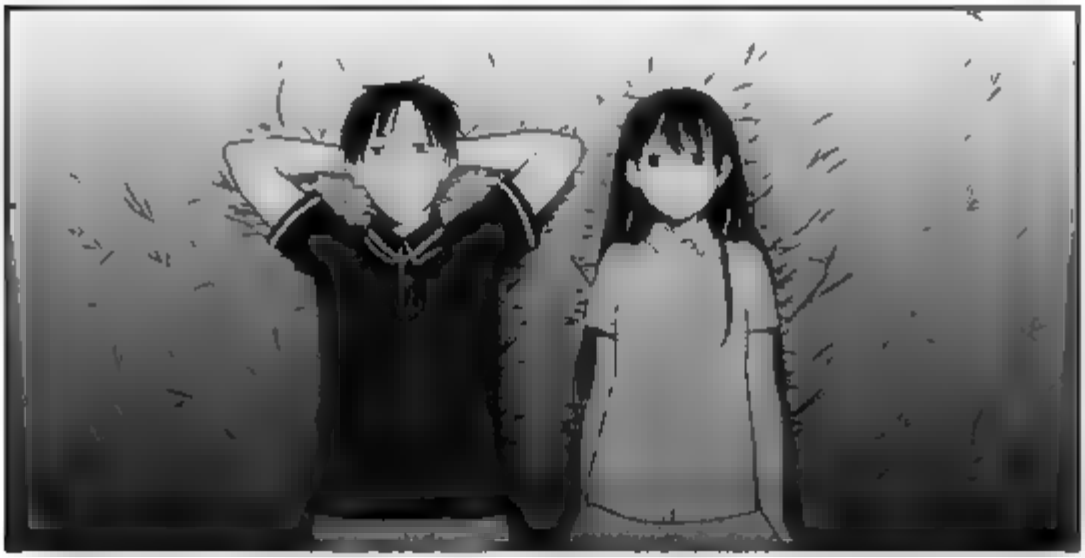
Even if they didn't believe it,
everyone seemed to enjoy my "Miyagi's right there!" nonsense.


The show will be beginning shortly.
It was better to enjoy that fiction than to think I was really alone.





BANG
Ooooh!



...

...We're a good match

So it did
In the bed.
That's happened before.

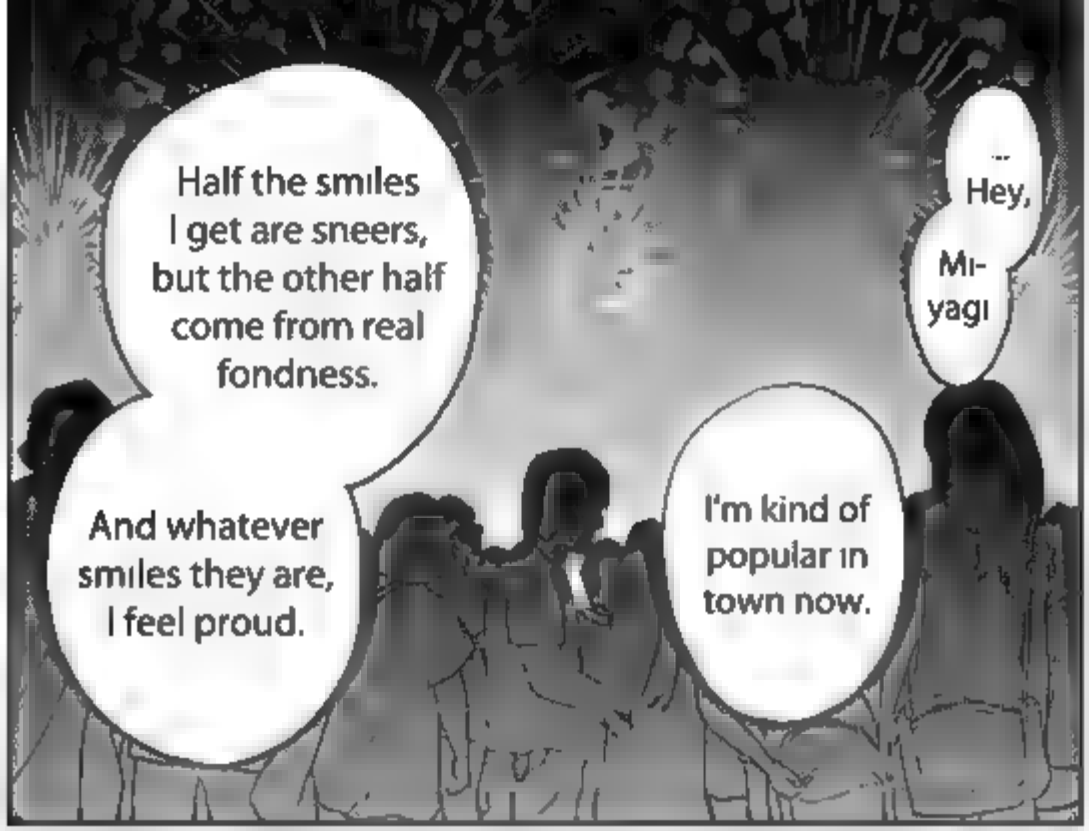
But Mr. Kusunoki,
you can get a look at me anytime.
You should watch the fireworks instead.

That
may not be quite true.

That's not the problem.

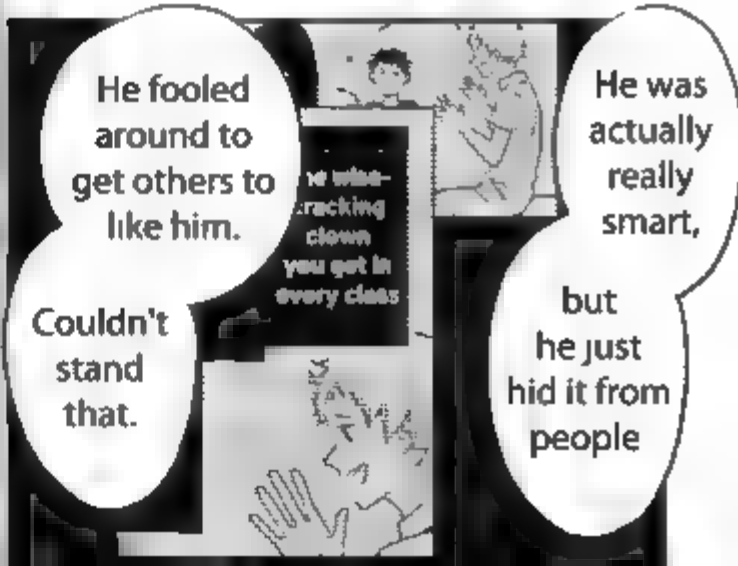
Then,
what is the problem?

Well,
you're right,
I do have the day off tomorrow.
But I will be back the day after.
Unlike last time, it will only be one day I'm gone.

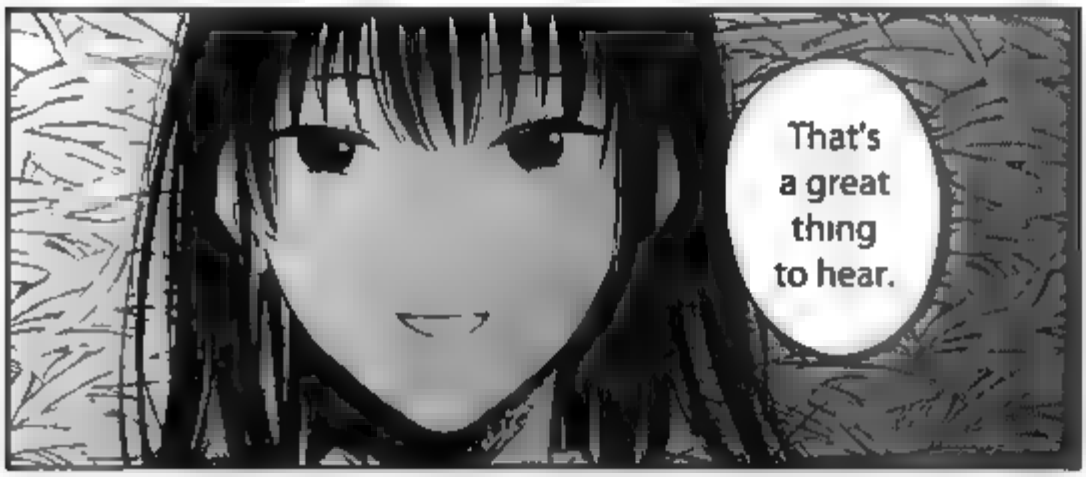

Half the smiles I get are sneers, but the other half come from real fondness.
And whatever smiles they are, I feel proud.
Hey, Miyagi
I'm kind of popular in town now.

.But lately, I've come to understand.
I... couldn't help but envy him.

In grade school, there was this guy I hated

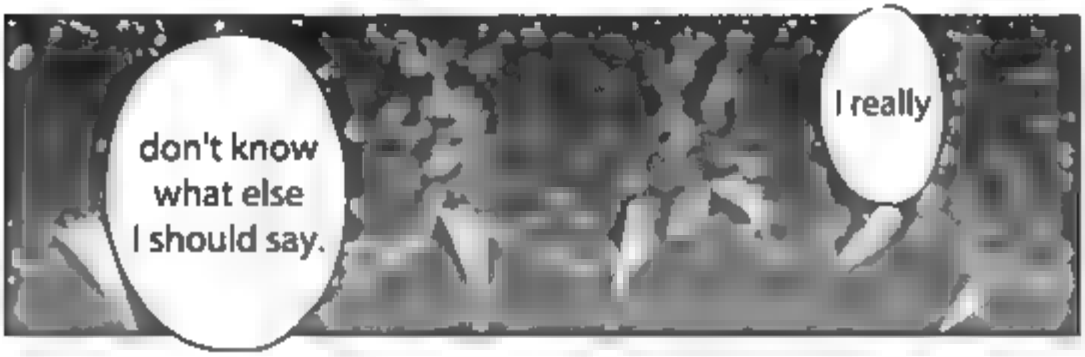

He fooled around to get others to like him.
Couldn't stand that.
He was actually really smart, but he just hid it from people

And thanks to you, Miyagi, I made it happen.
I succeeded at making friends with the world.
From the start,
I think I wanted to befriend everyone like this.


That's a great thing to hear.

...So then
what are you really trying to say?

"Thanks for everything,"
I sup-pose.

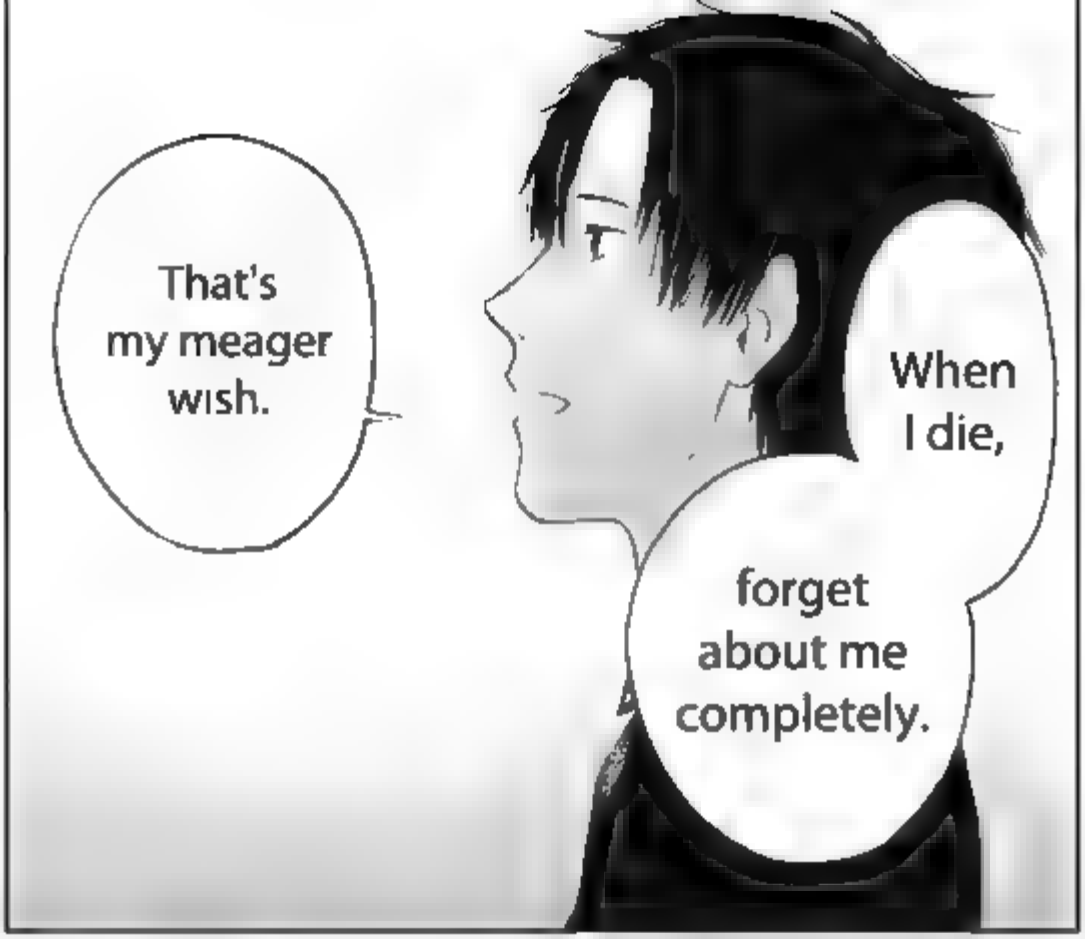

I really
don't know what else I should say.

...

Is it not a bit soon to be saying "thanks for everything"?
Er... You still have over a month left.

and I promised I'd tell you when I thought of it.
Hey, Miyagi? You said you wanted to know my wish,

Okay
Then I'll be honest.
Yes.
If it's possible for me,
I'll do anything.


That's my meager wish.
When I die,
forget about me completely.

No.

It seemed to quickly occur to Miyagi
what I was going to do tomorrow.
...Um, Mr. Kusu-noki.
While I'm sure you wouldn't, please don't do anything stupid.
I'm beg-ging you.

Think about it.
Who would have expected 30-yen me to live out such wonderful final days?

I should've lived the worst life imaginable, but I found some major happiness.
Which means your future is still just as uncertain.

They won't.
Someone way more dependable than me could show up and make you much happier.

But consider yourself, Miyagi.
You never should've shown up for me either
So maybe someone will -
They won't!

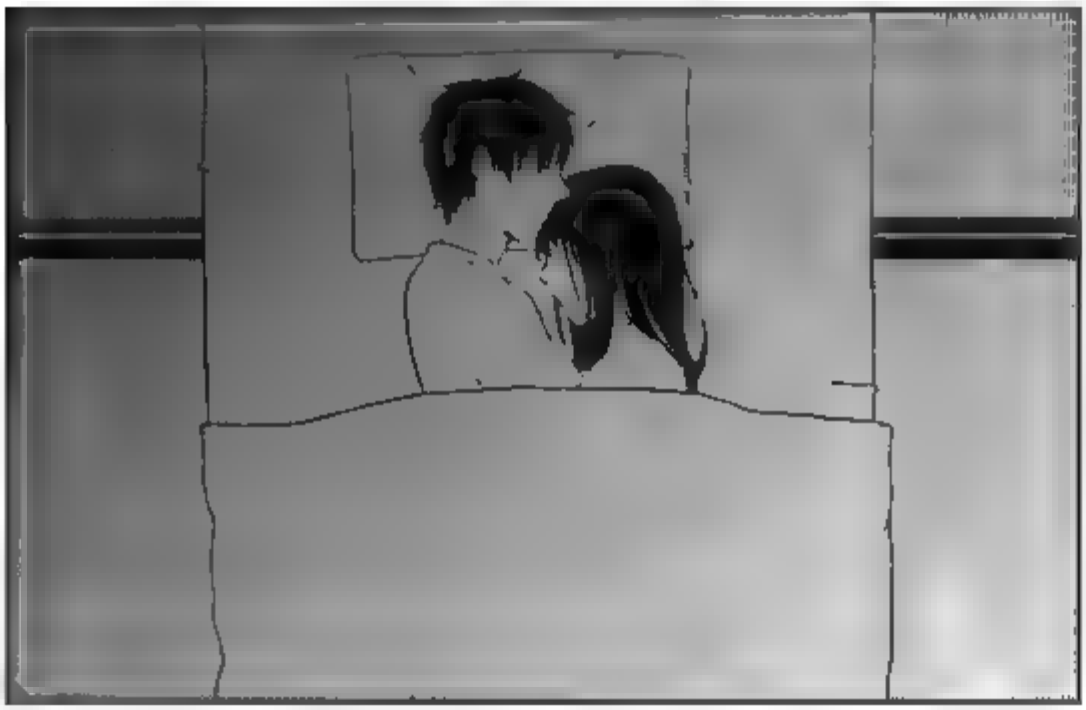
...
Mr. Kusunoki,

I'm begging you.

I'm begging you,
at least for this last month,
stay with me.

I...
I can put up with everything else.
The fact that you'll die soon,
the fact that others can't see us holding hands,
the fact that I'll soon have to live alone thirty years more.

I can accept all of that.
So just...
At least for now -
at least while you can be with me,
don't go and throw yourself away.
I'm begging you.



didn't come to a stop
until the very end.
Miyagi's tears

Good-bye.
You made me happy.

The next day.
Hey, uh...
Did you come here knowin' this was gonna happen?
I sold thirty days of my remaining lifespan.
Yep.
At this point,
money can't be that much of a concern, can it?
...Honestly,
I can't recommend this.

You do realize
that if you simply spend your last month painting...
those paint-ings
will end up in art textbooks for years to come?

In that time,
your observer will always be there,
giving you encourage-ment.

Listen to me.
If you just turn back now,
you'll have thirty days
in which to fervently paint.

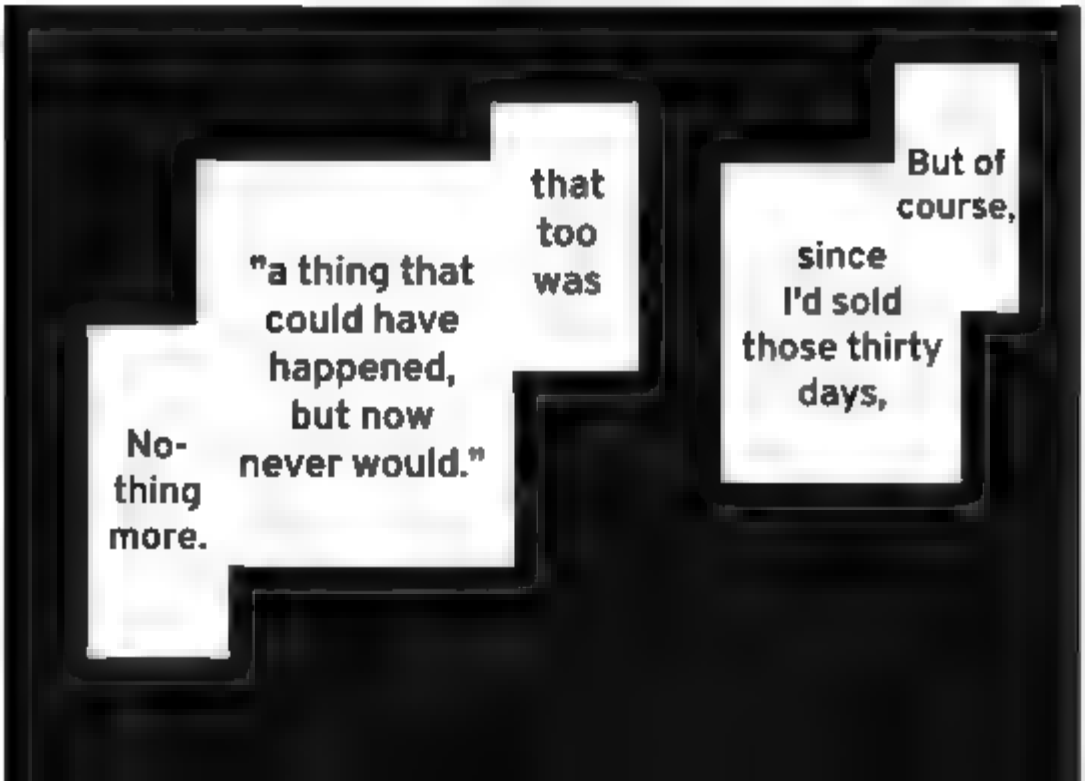
And far past death,
the history of art will remember your name
...
Just what about that dissatisfies you?

Just like money is meaningless after you die,
fame is meaningless too.

Don't you
want to be eternal?

Even if I am eternal
world without me,
that's nothing to be glad about.

That's what my paintings would be dubbed,
"The world's plainest pictures."
and while they'd cause a lot of dispute,
they'd ultimately sell for very high prices.


But of course,
since I'd sold those thirty days,
that too was
"a thing that could have happened, but now never would."
No-thing more.

over a really long period of time,

eventually blossomed on its own.

My thought was,

that level of artistic talent could have,

I was destined to lose my chance via the bike crash.

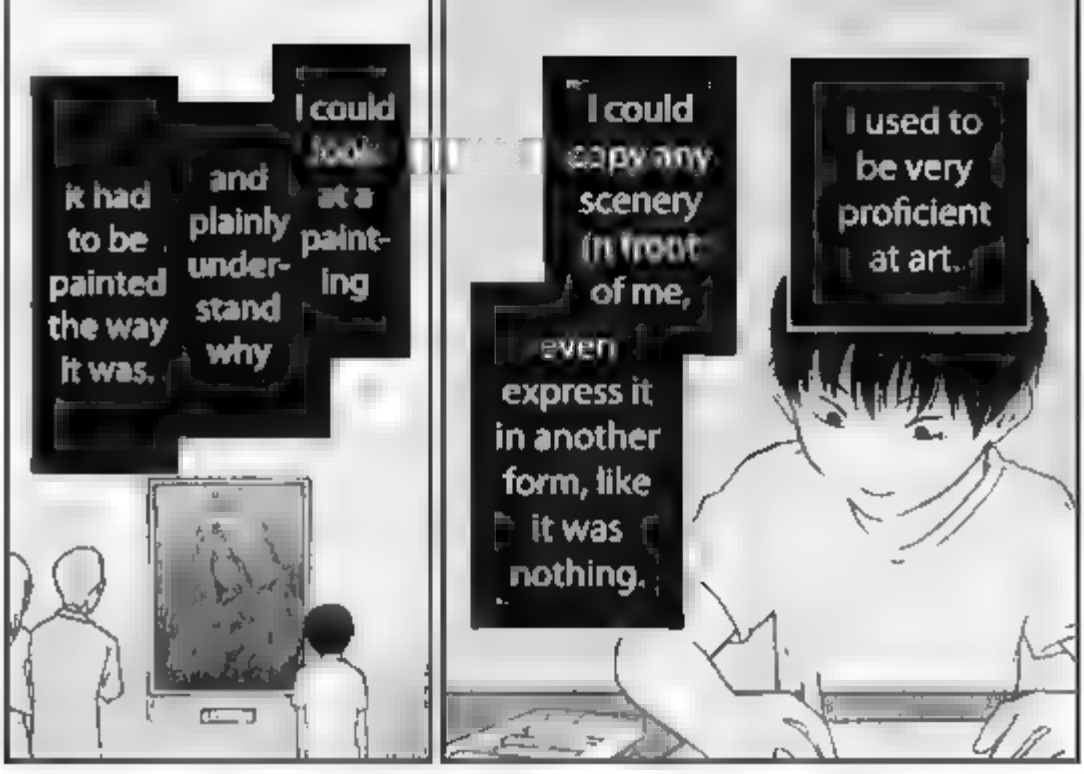
And yet just before that happened,

by having Miyagi there...

that massive amount of time was shortened.

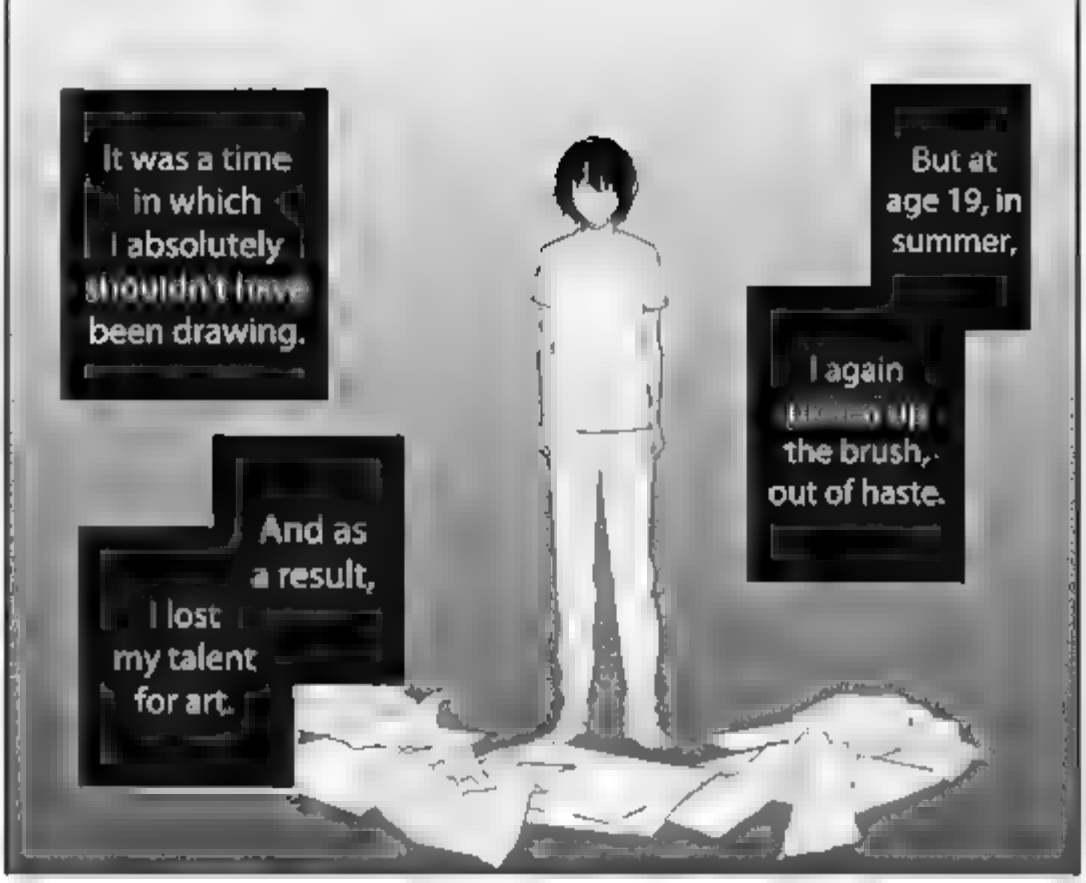
But by selling my life-span,

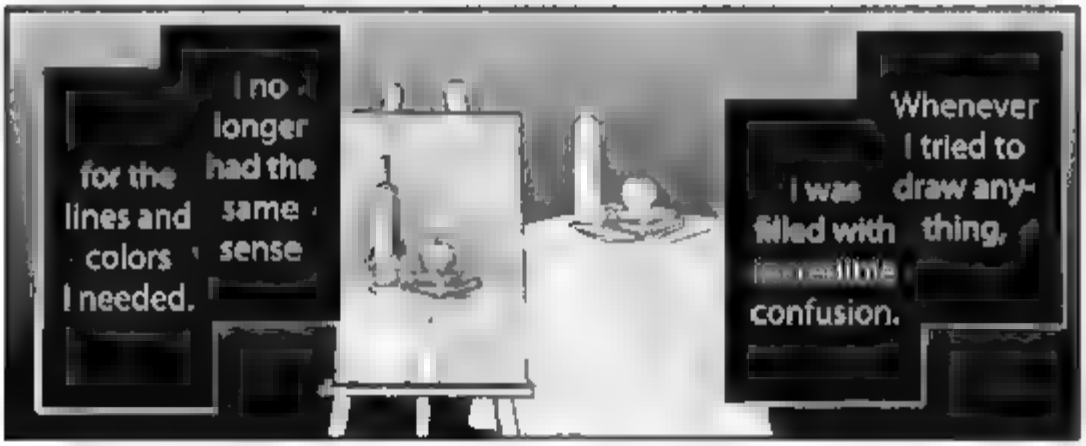
and most import-antly,

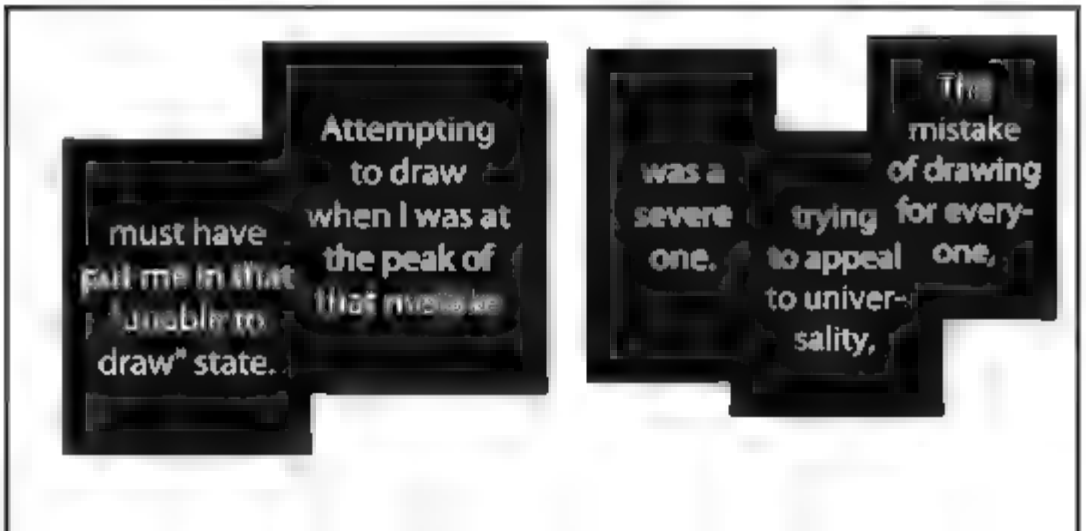

I used to be very proficient at art.
I could copy any scenery in front of me,
even express it in another form, like it was nothing.
I could look at a painting and plainly understand why it had to be painted the way it was.

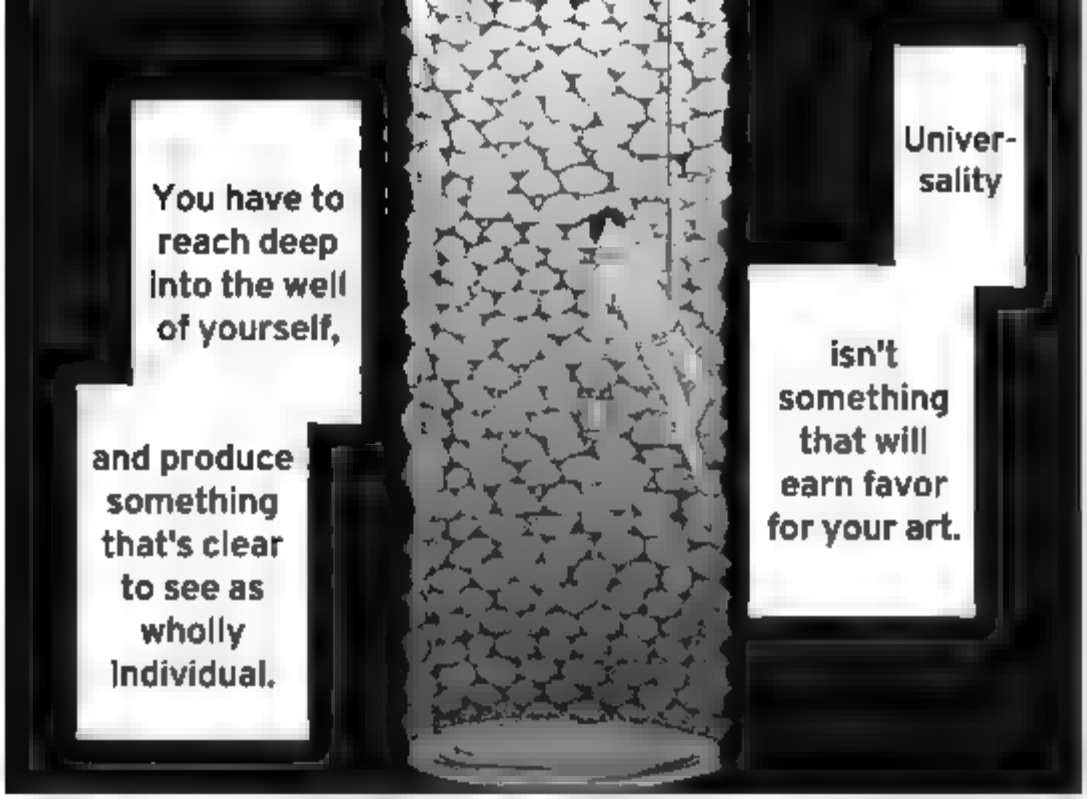
Yet in the winter when I was 17,
I gave up on art.
Because I felt if I continued on like this,
I couldn't be as famous as I promised Himeno.

The next time I picked up a paintbrush
would have to be once everything had aligned for me.
That's what I decided.


It was a time in which I absolutely shouldn't have been drawing.
But at age 19, in summer,
I again the brush, out of haste.
And as a result,
I lost my talent for art.


I no longer had the same sense for the lines and colors I needed.
Whenever I tried to draw anything, I was filled with confusion.


Attempting to draw when I was at the peak of that mistake must have put me in that "unable to draw" state.
The mistake of drawing for everyone, trying to appeal to universality, was a severe one.

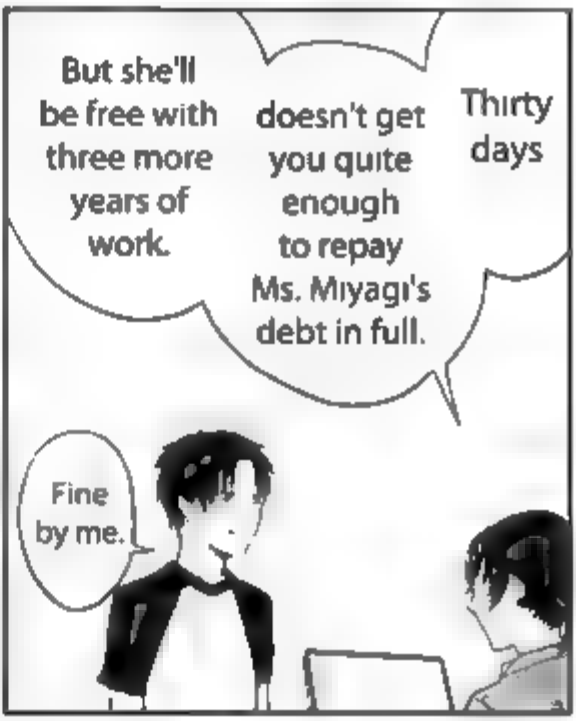

You have to reach deep into the well of yourself,
and produce something that's clear to see as wholly individual.
Univer-sality
isn't something that will earn favor for your art.

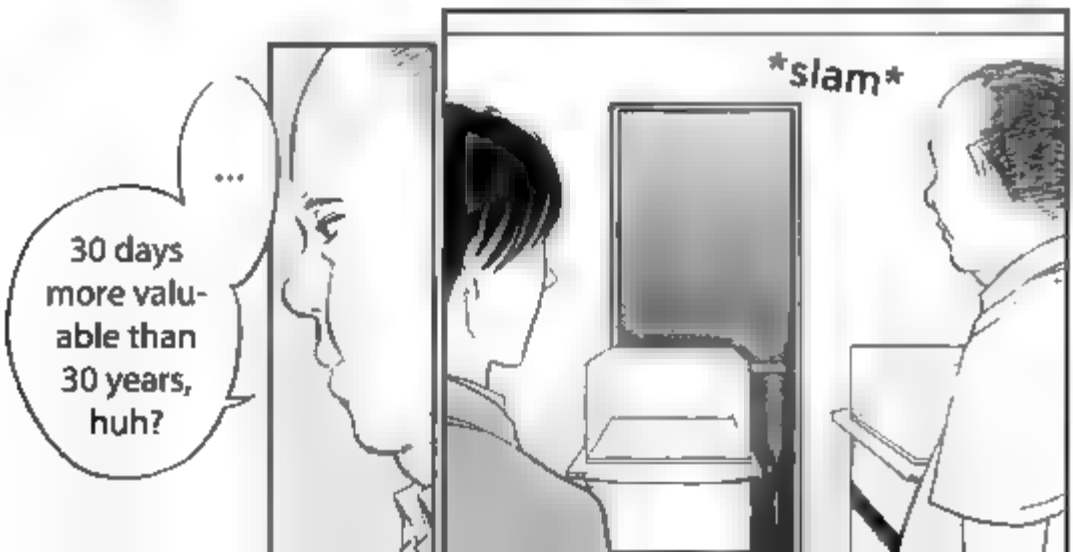
It was Miyagi who gave me that opportunity.
I fig-ured my art out
through the act of drawing sleeping Miyagi.

To realize that, I had to,
just for simple enjoy-ment,
draw for *myself* for once.

You're all done.
The right to have my name in a little corner of history
sold for a sum that made me doubt my eyes.

We don't take those last three days.
Go spend 'em as you like.
Yep.


But she'll be free with three more years of work.
doesn't get you quite enough to repay Ms. Miyagi's debt in full.
Thirty days
Fine by me.


...
30 days more valuable than 30 years, huh?
slam

The summer Himeno once made a predict-ion of

was drawing to a close.

And so

I denied eternity.

Not even in the end

was I ever rich, ever famous.

Her prediction was half-wrong.

But her prediction was half-right.

"Something really good" happened, all right.
And like she said,
deep down,
I could be "glad I lived."

My prayer
is for
Kusunoki
to die,

if only
a moment
sooner.

Extra Chapter
I Say A Little Prayer

Following Mr. Kusunoki's promise of a date to Ms. Himeno,

that night...

To prepare me for meeting Himeno,

I want you to go out with me all day tomorrow.

You don't look so happy about it to me.

...Well,

I don't much mind...

Never before had a subject made me

such a request.

This is how I always look.

I suppose what he meant by this

was that he wanted me to be his partner

for a rehearsal of the date.

No,

I do not mind.

To be clear, Miyagi,

...You really won't mind that?

I'm going to treat you just like my childhood friend.

If you wanna put it that way.

So the exact opposite of usual, then.

let's get along, shall we?

as people who mutually respect and trust each other,

Then tomor-row,

Okay!

That's what you said, yes?

You mean to treat me like your childhood friend...

That's the idea.

...Mr. Kusu-noki.

Just to confirm...

...

should we not be walking a bit closer together?

In that case,

...

Maybe you're right about that, Miyagi.

Let's walk side by side, then.

When you're alone for so long,

you do forget these kinds of common sense things.

I just wanted to say before you point it out,

but I'm really nervous right now.

So at times like this,

what's a friendly couple supposed to talk about?

Please don't ask me.

Please don't be.

It's contag-ious.

Then let it con-tage.

Go, make Miyagi nervous too!

I've been invisible ever since I was ten.

So I don't really understand the proper etiquette for situations like these.

Um,

if that's how it is...

Let me say this before you point it out, too.

Miyagi, you choose.

The more I look, the less sure I get.

I don't believe you have to wear anything too fancy.

As long as it comes off as clean, that should be enough.

swsh

Got it.

I'll interpret it as I want.

Seems to me it's a compliment.

You're free to interpret it however you want.

Can I interpret that as "you'd look good in anything"?

Come on,

go change if you've made up your mind.

No need to air your every thought.

...Don't mention it.

I forgot to say,

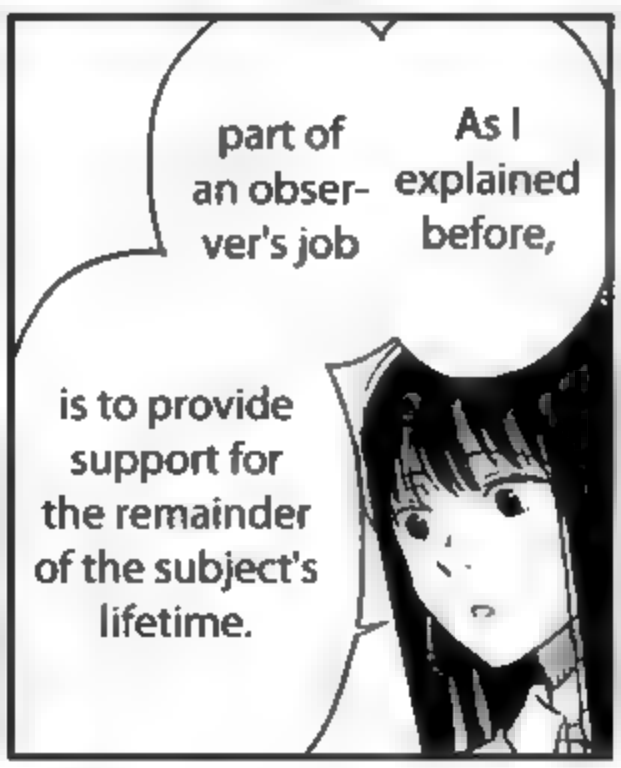
but thanks.

Miyagi?

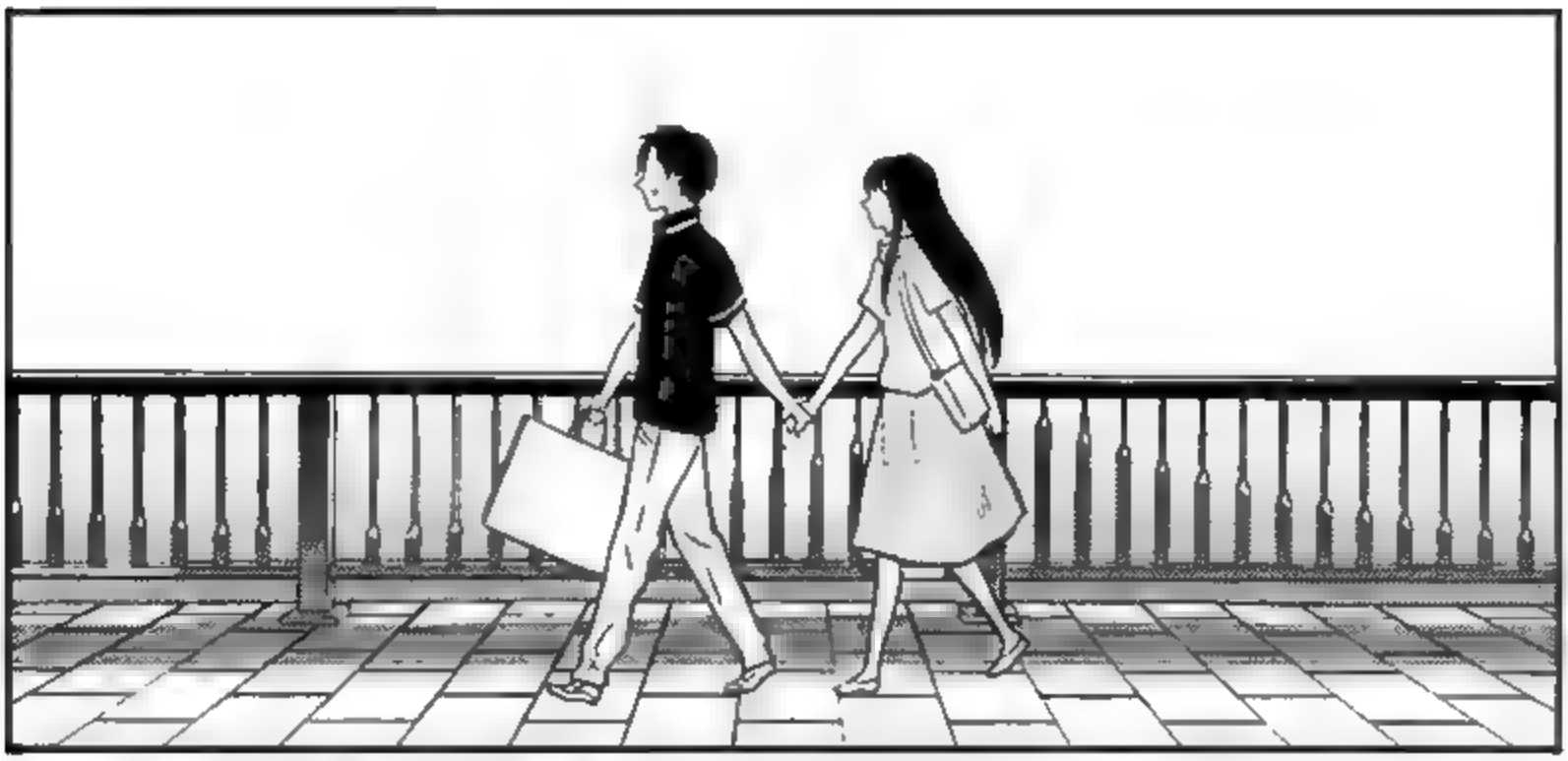
Being given that kind of thanks wor- ried me.

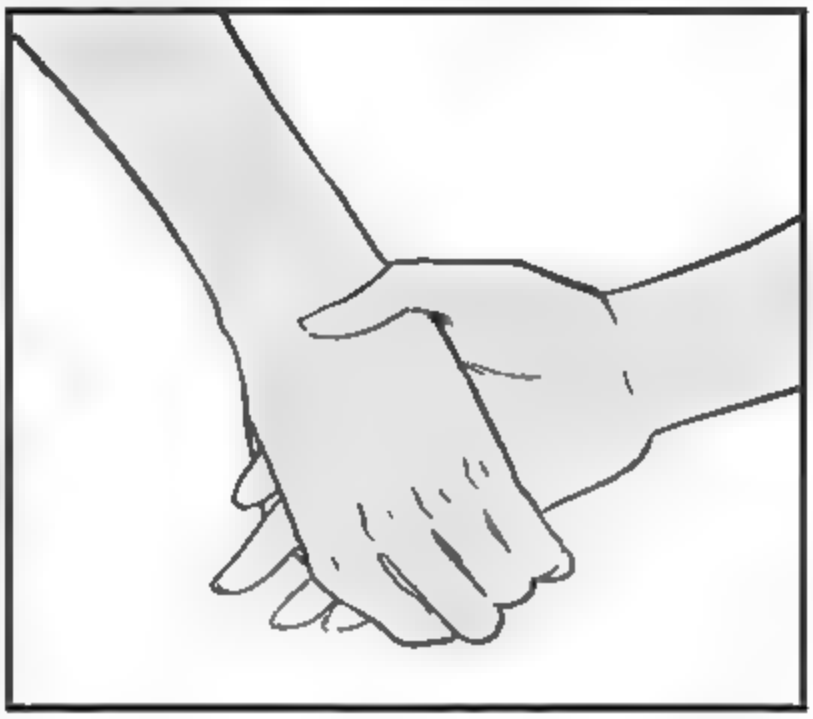
Now...
I wanna take this practice one step further.

Considering this as merely one such case -


As I explained before, part of an obser- ver's job is to provide support for the remainder of the subject's lifetime.

If it gets too unplea- sant, don't hesitate to tell me.
It won't bother me.





That's why

I said it wouldn't bother me.

I had you promise, right?

So no complaining.

and seemed to be gently grabbing onto nothingness.

it appeared he talked to empty space where there was no one,

To passers-by,

What an idiot,

I thou-ght.

...

Try to think of me as Himeno and seduce me,

Mr. Drunk Kusunoki.

All right.

So I found myself wanting to tease him a bit.

And when you left my sight,

that was the worst thing to ever happen.

You appearing before me was the best thing

that's ever happened in my life.

That was a pretty smooth delivery of such a roundabout pickup line.

I might have

a new best or worst thing.

And now,

depending on your reply,

Huh.

What if it were Miyagi?

So then

how do you think Himeno would reply?

Ah, well...

"What's this non-sense all of a sudden?",

she might say,

and try to laugh it off.

Joking.

Don't worry about it.

It really was

...I don't catch your meaning.

an utterly tasteless joke.

Such a detest-able person.

Hey, Miyagi.

You already forcibly took my hand saying "you promised" earlier.

Please stop asking permission for everything.

See that?

Can we practice that too?

Then I'll just do this without asking.

Oh, yeah.

He smell-ed faintly of cig-arettes.

That's Kusunoki's smell, all right

...Don't read anything weird

into what I'm about to say.

What is it?

Please don't touch my hair.

Your smell kind of

calms me down, Miyagi.

That's not what you said earlier, is it?

I need permission now?

You

do know how you look

to others right now, don't you?

Do I look happy, maybe?

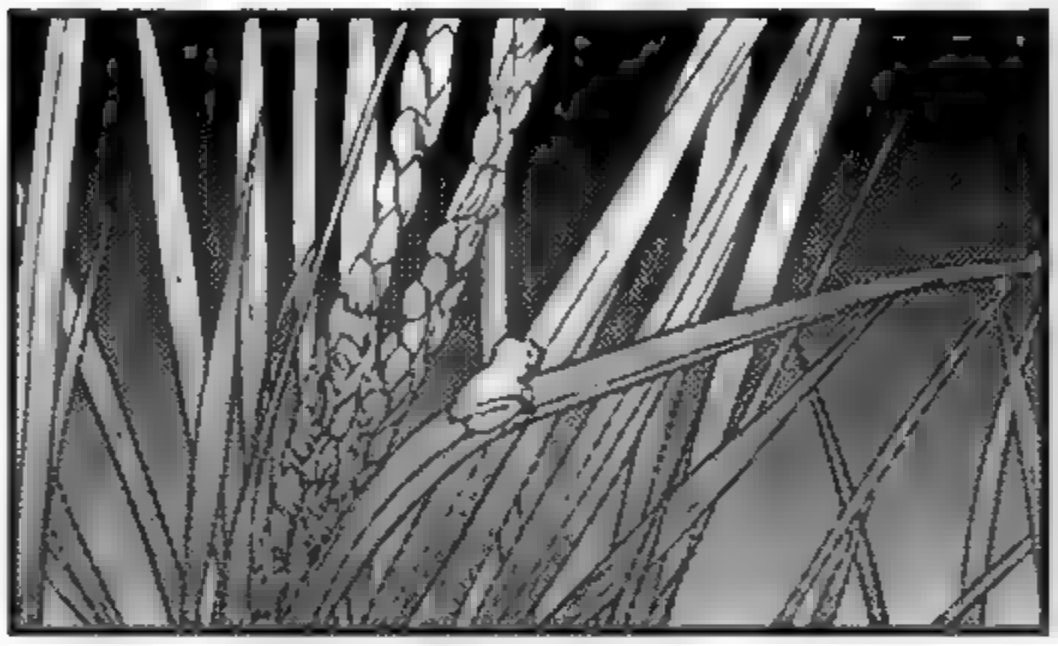
Dun- no.

such an idiot.

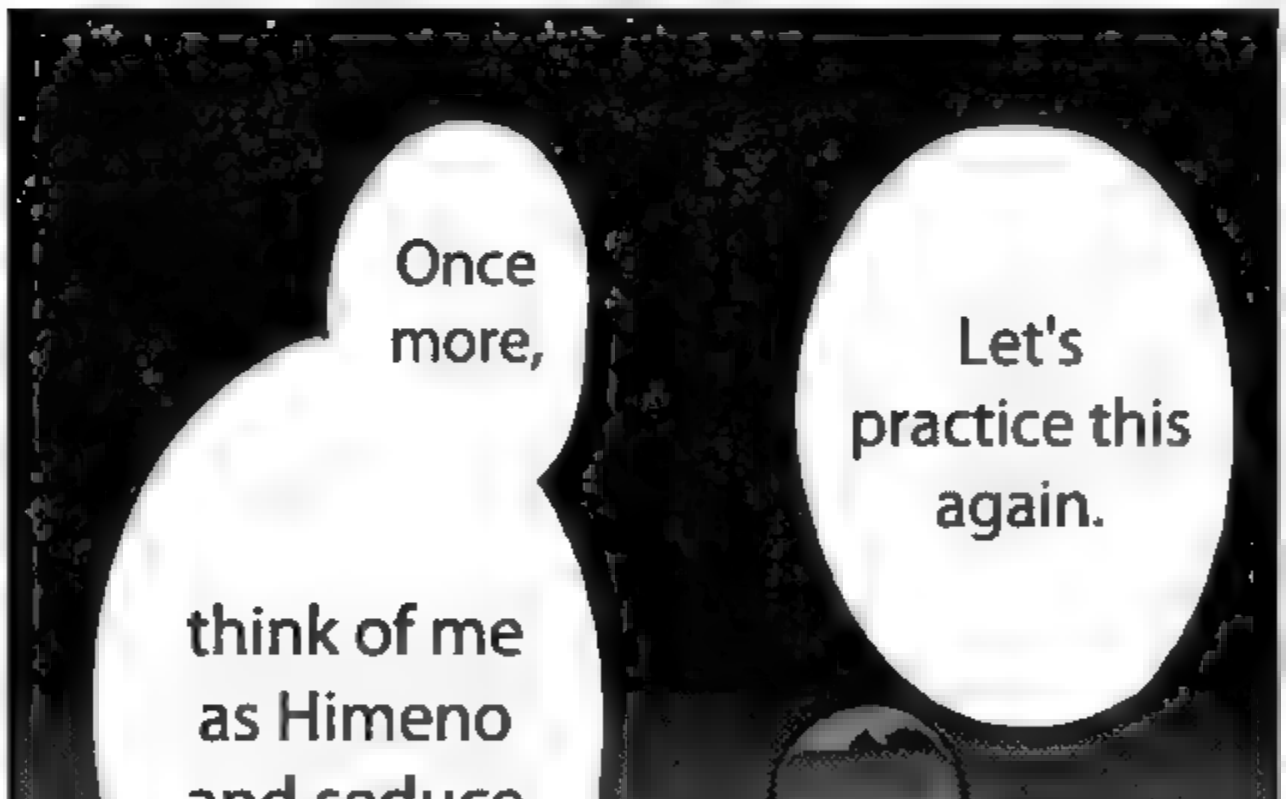
He really is

40 points.

How would you score that confession I gave earlier?



Try for something more simple.
It's just too round-about.
Harsh.
Ah, okay.


Once more,
think of me as Himeno and seduce me.
Let's practice this again.

Mr. Kusu-noki.
注意

From now on, be by my side always.
Himeno.
...

60 points.

Hey, say something already!

What's my score?

You can't add them up like that.

60 points is 60 points.

Alright, so adding that to the 40 makes a hundred.

Boy, Miyagi, you're a tough one.

The remaining 40 points ...

you'll ever figure it out your whole life.

Unfortunate, really.

So how can I make up the remaining 40?

... I doubt

could have been directed at me.

...If only those words

that it was a difference of about six letters.

For the rest of his life, he'd surely never notice

At his meeting tomorrow,

Mr. Kusunoki will be deeply, deeply wounded.

Having read his life's "summary," I know.

He should despair more.

He should be hurt more.

but I'm secretly delighting in it.

It's embarrassing to admit,

I'm thinking such nonsense

and be forced to cry on my shoulder.

Such that he'll have no one else he can rely on,

It had been ten years since I'd held anyone's hand.

And yet, it was extremely important to me.

Of course, it was likely nothing to him.

I wish tomorrow wouldn't come

for so, so long.

Some part of me had been impatiently waiting

Then maybe I'd always

get to keep taking Himeno's place.

It was totally some-thing.

It was nothing, really.

Thanks for yester-day.

Yes,

I hope it goes well.

Thanks to you,

I feel like I can do it today.

Long ago,

there was just one subject who was kind to me.

...She also used to whistle that song he's whistling now.

Just like this, she treated me like I was a normal girl.

And...

Thank you for watching over me until the end.

That was when I made up my mind.

No more would I love anyone who was going to go away,

I vowed.

It was with those words that she died.

Now, I'll watch over you from up above the clouds.

that I'm making the same mistake once again.

But...

It would seem

No matter what I do,

it seems impossible to hide my quickened heartbeat.

But, even so, at least ...

I pray I come to accept that truth.

There can be no going back once you start to love someone.

Before I find it impossible to separate from him, please.

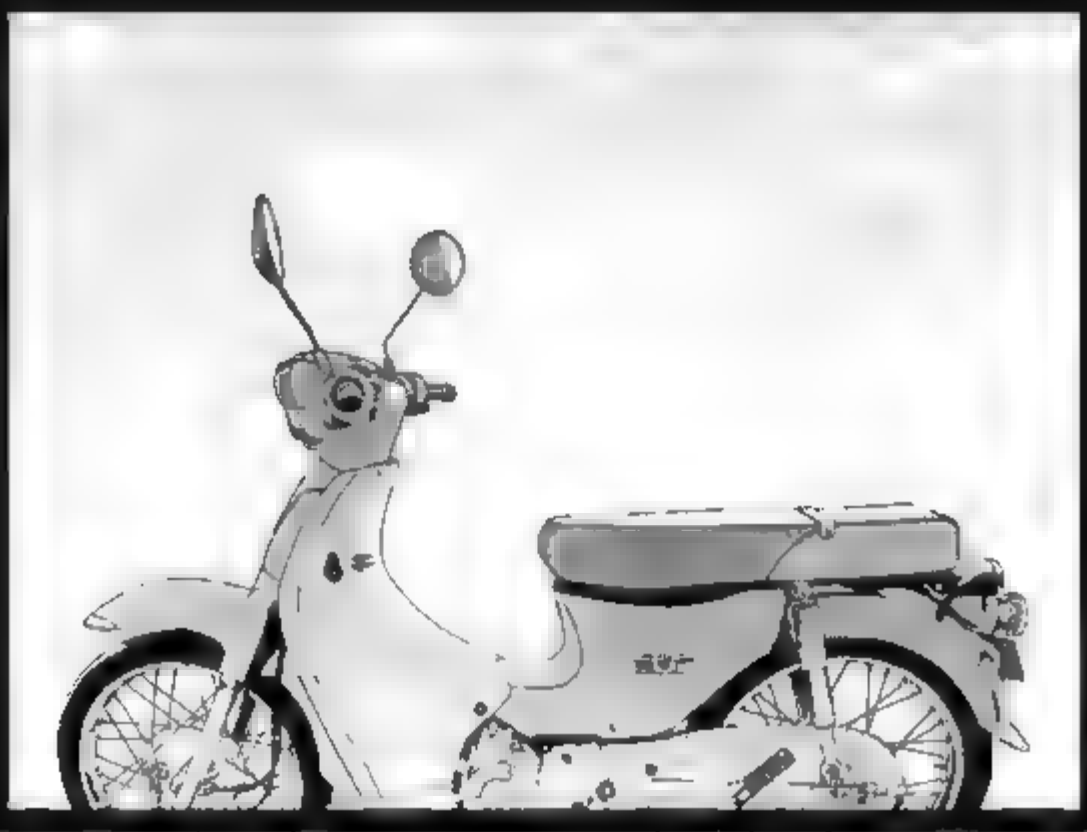
Before my feelings pass the point of no return...

May Kusunoki die

if only a moment sooner.

寿命を買い取ってもらった。一年につき、一万円で。

I Sold Off My Lifespan, For 10,000 Yen A Year.



Final Chapter

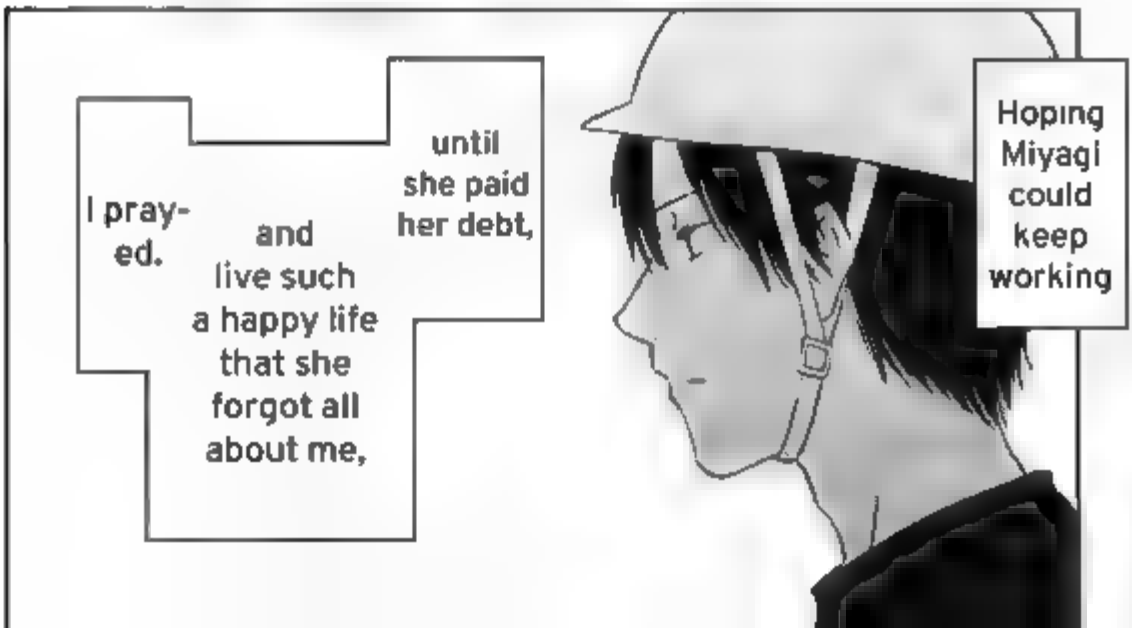
Original: Sugaru Miaki Manga: Shoichi Taguchi
("Three Days of Happiness" from Media Works Bunko)
Character Design: E9L / Shoichi Taguchi

In other words, Miyagi was gone.

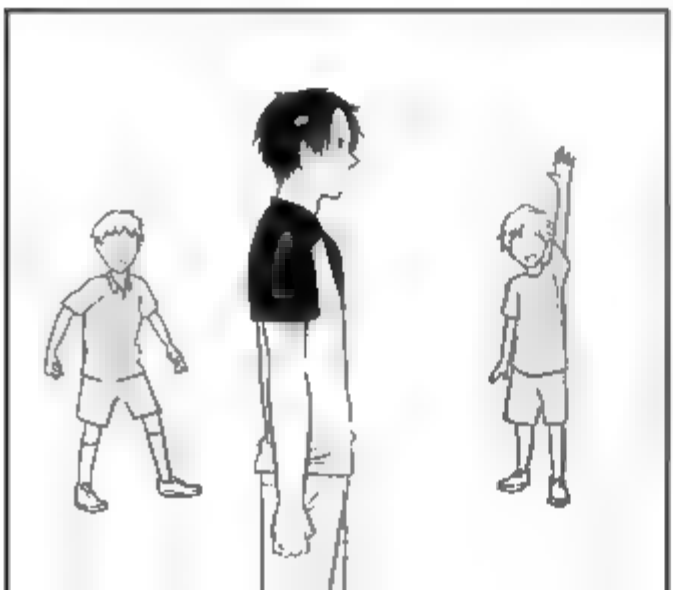
but this time I really was alone.
I drove around to the places I went with Miyagi,

I drove under a blue sky as if in search
of her lingering scent.
I wondered if Miyagi was off observing someone else now.

Hoping they wouldn't turn desperate
and attack Miyagi, I prayed.

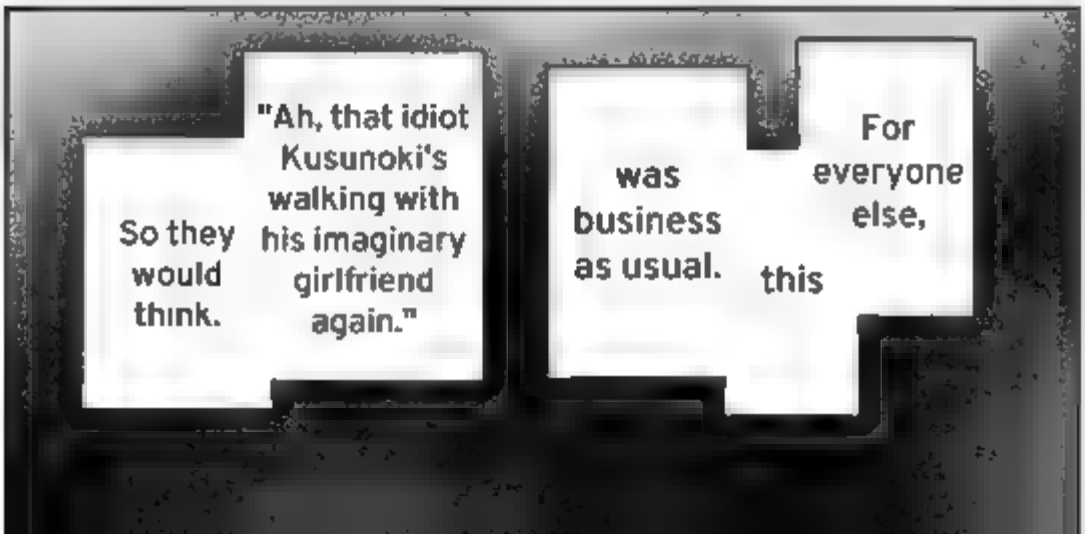

Hoping Miyagi could keep working
until she paid her debt, and live such a happy life that she forgot all about me, I prayed.

Hoping someone would appear before Miyagi
who she could find far more precious than me, and who valued her just as much,
I prayed.



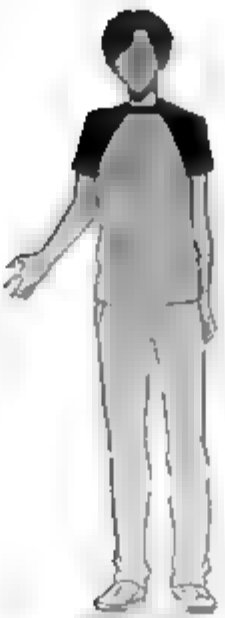
I had a sudden idea.
...

Look, it's Miyagi!


So they would think.
"Ah, that idiot Kusunoki's walking with his imaginary girlfriend again."
For everyone else, this was business as usual.

But...

It was a huge difference for me.
In fact, it was hardly the same thing at all.

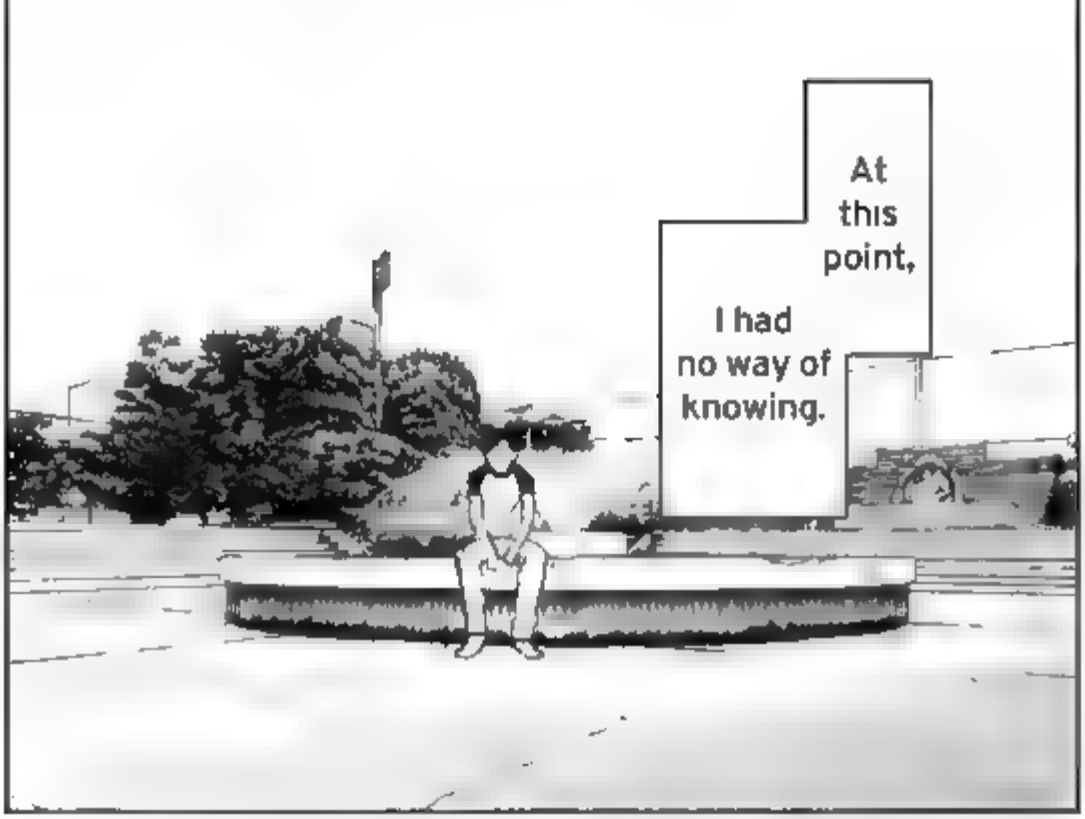


Then,
I had a thou-ght.
What if it had all been
an illusion of mine from the start?

I was convinced my life would end in three days.
I could tell that all but a shred of my life had been used up.
That sensation couldn't have been fake.

But did that girl named Miyagi
really exist?

Had her existence,
and not only that,
but the existence of a shop dealing in lifespan,
only been a convenient fantasy of mine,
born from feelings of being cornered
as I recognized my coming death?


At this point,
I had no way of knowing.

Mr. Kusunoki!
Oh,

How's Ms. Miyagi?

not here anymore
Mi-yagi's

Something like that
Did you have a fight?
Huh?!
What happened?

...
Don't fight, you two.

I dunno about that...
Well,

If you two get along so well but still fight,
then there's no way we wouldn't.
I mean,
even Mr. Kusunoki and Ms. Miyagi argue?

I wanted to say

"You know, that's true."

What happ-ened?
Mr. Kusu-noki?

Well now,
what about you didn't Miyagi like, huh?
I made up the story that she turned her back on me and abandoned me.
so I told them that we had fought and split up.
I wasn't sure how to answer,

But so, does that mean she's gone?
She never seemed like the kind of person to do something so cruel.
Why, did something happen?
It was like...
They were really talking like they believed Miyagi existed.
That Miyagi's a real good-for-nothing girl!
Man, I can't believe she'd ditch a good guy like this!
...

Indeed.
To think, when he's such a good person.

I wouldn't forget that voice in a day or two.
It would take at least thirty years -
three hundred years -
three thousand years for me to forget.

I needed to be sure.
I couldn't have possibly misheard.
But,
until I saw it myself, I wouldn't believe it.

That Miyagi girl
really is a good-for-nothing.
I'm back, Mr. Kusunoki.
I was looking for you.

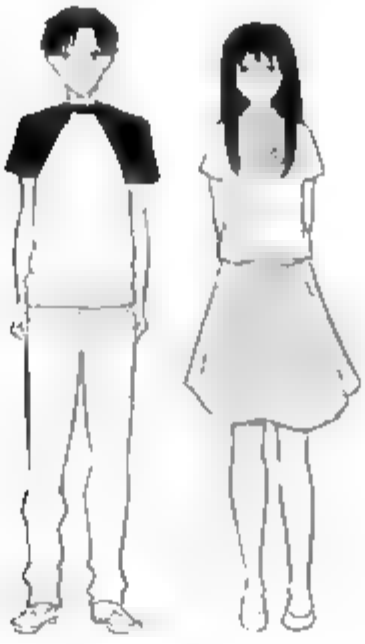
might you be Ms. Miyagi?
Um,
I'm the good-for-nothing Miyagi.
Yes,
I'm jealous, man!
And you're really pretty, Ms. Miyagi!
What do you know, she really exists!
Whoa, whoa!

Why could the other people see Miyagi?
Why was Miyagi here?
So Ms. Miyagi ...
really was Ms. Miyagi.
... Yeah, some-how,
you're exactly the way I ima-gined you.
"ahem"
...Hey, every-body?

Get along now!
Woo oo!
Take care of Ms. Miyagi!
Don't fight, guys!
Good for you!

Seems Miyagi really was
just my kind of girl
... Thank you.

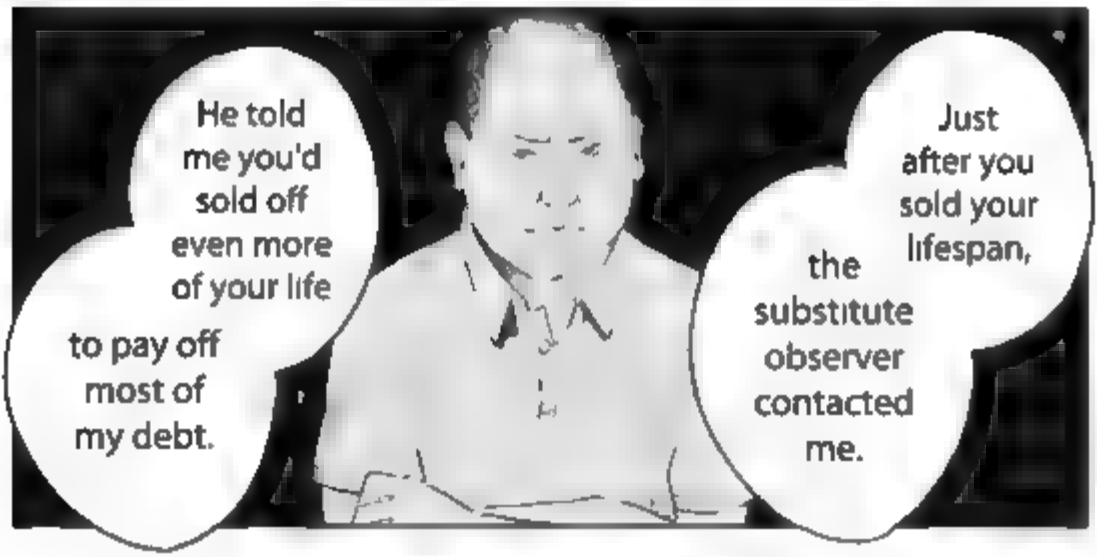
Be happy, you two.



Strange, isn't it?
How could I be here?
How were the others able to see me?
...It's rather simple.

In short, I did the same thing you did.
The same thing...?
How much... did you sell?

I sold all of it.
All but three days.
Also the same.


He told me you'd sold off even more of your life to pay off most of my debt.
Just after you sold your lifespan, the substitute observer contacted me.

He did the formalities.
As soon as I heard that... I had made up my mind

Buying back the majority of my life with just thirty days.
Quite impressive, Mr. Kusunoki.

I threw away the life you worked so hard to get back.
...And I'm sorry.

If anyone's a fool, it's me
I'm such a fool, aren't I...?
... Fool?

I wasn't sure what I was going to do.

I couldn't live without you for even three days, Miyagi

More than we could possibly go through in three days

So not only is the debt paid, there's plenty of money left.

Thanks to you, the value of my life went up a bit as well.

Yes,
we
are!
So
we're
rich!

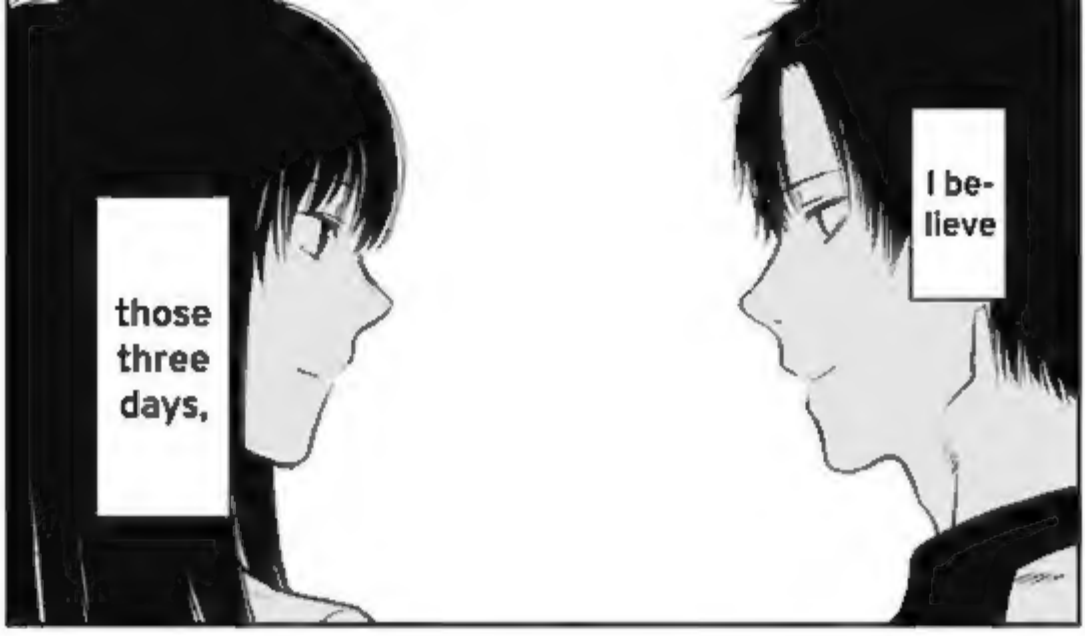
俺は
何も
残さずに
死ぬ
でも俺は
もういい

I'll die,
leaving
nothing
behind.
But I don't
mind that.

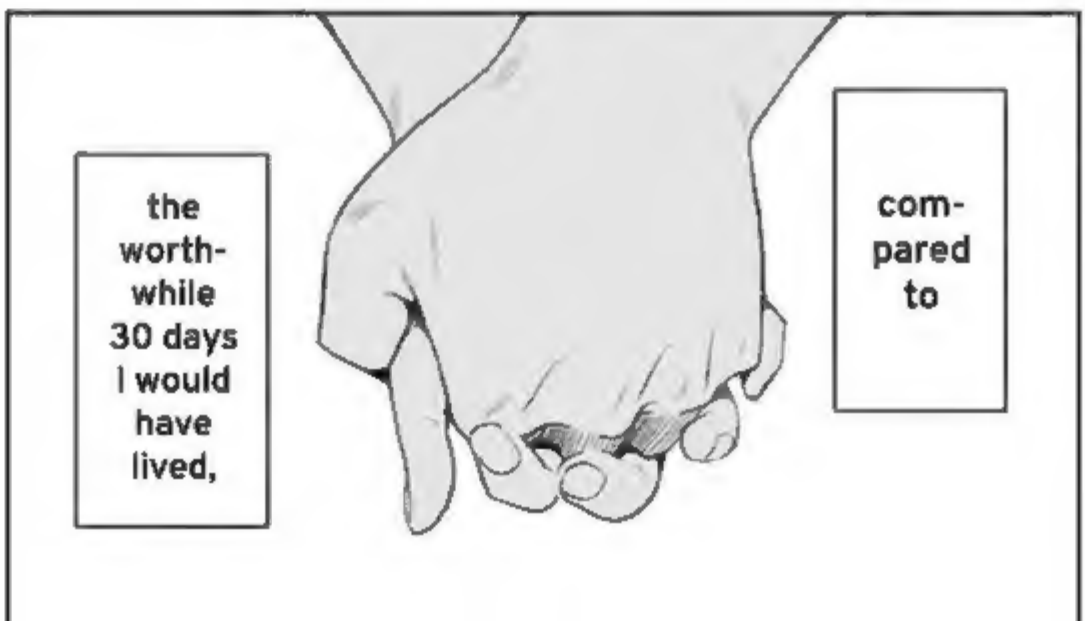
I don't need the eternity I once dreamed of now.
I don't mind if no one remembers me.

Because she's here with me,
smiling at my side.

How do you plan to spend these three days?
Just because of that,
Well, Mr. Kusunoki.
I can forgive everything else.


those three days,
I believe

the tragic 30 years I would have lived,
compared to


the worthwhile 30 days I would have lived,
compared to

were
of much,
much more
value.